The California Catholic

FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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CATHOLIC—DOMESTIC.

St. James Church in Chicago is to be consecrated next May.

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Brother Columkille, the oldest Christian Brother in this country, died in St. Louis last week.

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It is reported that Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn may be made coadjutor to Archbishop Corrigan.

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The new St. Joseph's Hospital, Providence, R. I., will be dedicated on the feast of St. Joseph, March 19.

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Seven converts were baptized by Most Rev. Archbishop Gross, of Portland, at Mount Angel, Or., last Sunday.

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Dominican Fathers from New York City will commence a mission in the temparary cathedral in Portland, Or., the first Sunday in Lent, March 3d.

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Rev. William Stang, D. D., rector of the Cathedral, Providence, R. I., is preparing to leave for the American College at Louvain, where he will become a professor.

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A fire at the novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Tewksbury Mass, on the 7th inst., destroyed all the buildings with the exception of two. The loss was between $15,000 and $20,000.

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Cape Cod Catholics have purchased a building which they propose to turn into a church. The town of Truro, where the new church is to be located, is attended from Princetown.

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Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, has purchased a farm of 133 acres near the town of Bridgeport, on which he proposes to erect a reformatory for boys. Work will be commenced in the spring.

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Mother Agnes, of the Sisters of St. Francis, will during her visit West install Sister Stanislaus, of St. Joseph's Academy, Pendleton, Oregon, the recently appointed Provincial of the Western Province.

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Rev. Michael J. Walsh, of Wellington, Kansas, who has charge of a mission some sixty miles wide has issued an appeal for help. The failure of crops in Kansas is the reason he gives for asking for assistance.

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The Michigan Catholic learns that the action of the Dominican friars in taking the total abstinence pledge for the rest of their lives, by way of good example, is being extensively imitated by their American Franciscan brethren.

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Mgr. Satolli seems to be becoming quite familiar with our language. He was down at New Haven, Ct., last Sunday, and when a local reporter asked him how how he looked upon Apaism, the Delegate replied: "I look upon the organization as every other sensible Catholic does—I overlook it."

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Mr. Woolsey, a democratic representative from Winnebago, has introduced a bill in the Illinois legislature which makes membership in the American Protective Association a conspiracy against the laws of society and the constitution of the United States, and punishable by a fine of not less than $500 or more than $2,000.

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Bishop Ludden of Syracuse, N. Y., announces that he will make his visit ad limina to Rome immediately after Easter. At a meeting of the priests of his diocese on receipt of the news, a large amount of money was subscribed to make up a purse to present to the Bishop before his departure. It is intended to make up a purse of $8,000.

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Rev. Sylvester Jaert, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wilmington, Del., has received a letter from Rome, in which he is informed that the Holy Father disapproves of Roman Catholic priests riding bicycles. The letter was in reply to the one written to the Pope by Father Sylvester, seeking guidance upon the subject.

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Rev. Mother Ernesta, Commissary General, and head of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in America, has returned from a trip through the South and East to Milwaukee. She has determined to establish a third mother house of the order in St. Lious. Rev. Father Abbelen, the spiritual director of the order, has gone to St. Louis to complete the negotiations.

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According to Hoffman's Catholic directory, just published, there are 17 Archbishops, 73 Bishops and 10,053 priests ministering in the Church in the United States. There are 105 seminaries—28 secular, and 77 under the regulars—containing 3,603 seminarians. The Catholic population, as usual, is confined to those on the pastoral registers, and number 9,077,865. There are 239 orphan asylums, containing 30,867 children.

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Among the decrees of the second diocesan Synod of Brooklyn held recently, one directs the pastors to urge the members of their congregations who are engaged in the liquor business not to sell to minors or those already under the influence of alcohol, and exhorts Catholic liquor sellers to keep their saloons closed on Sundays and all the members of the Faith to keep away from saloons on that day. Saloon keepers are also urged to get out of the business.

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A bill has been introduced in the Wisconsin legislature to repeal the State law exempting church property from taxation. The property of this description in the State is valued at $15,000,000. The annual income from its taxation would be about $145,000. Fully one-third is owned by the Catholics and Lutherans, and they will oppose the law to the end. While these denominations are most largely interested, others will not be slow to oppose the bill also. The leaders of the house are of the opinion that the bill will not pass.

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The Holy See has granted the petition of the Most Reverend Archbishops to extend the faculties of the Bishops in the United States, so that these may grant matrimonial dispensations to their own subjects even when the latter are actually in another diocese. This is an important concession. A Catholic leaving his own diocese to marry in another diocese and requiring a dispensation for such marriage, should procure that dispensation before leaving the jurisdiction of his own Bishop. The Bishop of another diocese cannot grant the dispensation, und heretofore his own Bishop could not grant it when the subject was not in his diocese.

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The Church of the Holy Innocents, New York, has recently been fitted up with a complete electrical outfit. It was in this church some years ago that the first attempt was made to use the electric light for church illumination. It was a partial failure because the rubrics require certain forms of illumination, and when the question was brought before the Congregation of rites at Rome the decision was against the use of electric illumination. Since that time the decree has been modified, and now a score of churches use the light with fine effect. Were it not for the extortionate charges for electric lights in this city, its use would be favored here.

PERSONAL—MENTION.

Gibbons—His Eminence, the Cardinal was lately in the City of Mexico. He will probably visit Rome after Easter.

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Williams—Archbishop Williams of Boston will celebrate next May the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood.

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Phelan—The Right Rev. Phelan, Bishop of Pittsburg, has issued an order forbidding his clergy to attend baseball and football games and theatres.

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Stevenson—It is stated by a publisher who knows, that the literary earnings of Robert Louis Stevenson in the last eight years were not less than $20,000.

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Whiteford—Mrs. Selinda Whiteford of Baltimore, has bequeathed $50,000 to the Catholic University at Washington, as an endowment of a class in the law department.

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McCarthy—It is said that the income of Justin McCarthy from literary work has shrunk from $15,000 to $3,000 since he began to devote himself so closely to politics.

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Fitzgerald—Rev. T. S. Fitzgerald S. J., provincial of the Missouri province, is making a trip to British Honduras, accompanied by Rev. Eugene Brady, S. J. of Cincinnati.

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Snell—Mervin Marie Snell, whose submission to the Church was a matter of current news a few weeks ago, has written a letter to the *Church News*, in which he expresses sorrow for his action.

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Sheehy—Father Daniel J. Sheehy rector of St. Ambrose Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on the 4th inst., aged 44 years. He had been pastor of the parish which he organized, for eleven years.

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Doyle—Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C. S. P., of New York city will lecture in the Columbia Theatre, Boston, to-morrow, Sunday night, on "The Pope and America," for the benefit of a local charity.

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Van Antwerp—Rev. Frank Van Antwerp, well known for heroic work among the smallpox victims of Detroit, Michigan, left a few days ago for the Bermuda Islands, where he will spend some time in recuperating his health.

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Schinner—During the absence of Bishop Matzer of Milwaukee, Rev. Father Skhinner is acting as administrator of the diocese. He is only 80 years of age and his appointment was a surprise to the clergy.

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Becker—Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., bishop of Savannah, is on his way to Rome. Before he left Savannah a handsome purse of more than $1000 was presented to him by the leading Catholics of that city to defray the expenses of his visit to the Pope.

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Rosen—It is said that the decree against secret societies recently issued was done at the instance of Rev. Father Rosen, a priest of the diocese of St. Paul, who has been indefatigable in presenting information relating to the work of these societies to the Sacred Congregation.

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Foote—Henry S. Foote, of this city has been appointed by President Cleveland, United States District Attorney. Mr. Foote in 1859 was a student at Georgetown College, and was admitted to the Bar of Mississippi the following year. He is well known throughout the State.

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Lefevre—Very Rev. Camille Lefevre, superior of St. Joseph's College, at Memramcook, N. B., was recently found dead in bed. He founded the college thirty years ago, and had been its superior ever since. Death was caused by paralysis of the heart. He was 64 years old.

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Berendsen—B. M. Berendsen, whose recent action in personating a priest and thus endeavoring to secure a confession from a Catholic prisoner in the Green Bay county jail, caused such a sensation and drew out an indignant protest from Bishop Messmer, has issued an "apology" for his actions.

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Rougerie—Monsignor Rougerie, Bishop of Pamiers, has presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris an apparatus which he has invented destined to facilitate the study of the currents and of every class of movements in the sea. The French Admiral Jonquierre has made a favorable report on the apparatus.

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Blyden—The most finished negro scholar in the world today, probably, is Edward Wilmot Blyded, who represented Liberia at the Court of St. James. He is a valued contributor to many magazines, is a linguist of pronounced ability, and is one of the most profound thinkers the negro race has yet produced. Dr. Blyden is a pure negro without a trace of white blood in his veins.

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Linsley—Mrs. James G. Linsley, wife of ex-Congressman James G. Linsley, a prominent society woman of Kingston, N. Y., who for years has been identified with St. John's Protestant Episcopal church, was on Saturday baptized a Catholic, making her first communion the same day. Mr. Linsley's danghter by his first wife is the first wife of Rev. Francis M. McAllister, a brother of the late Ward McAllister.

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McShane—The silver jubilee of Father McShane of the Church of the Annunciation of Chicago, was elaborately celebrated last week. More than 3,000 people took part in the celebration, including Bishop Dunne of Dallas, Tex., Bishop Burke of St. Joseph, Mo., and priests from several dioceses. Father McShane was the recipient of a purse of gold from his parishioners, and many handsome gifts from the visiting clergy.

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Sala—George Augustus Sala has published the story of his life and adventures. It appears that he was within an ace of being able literally to write *Civis Romanus sum*. His father was a Roman gentleman, who came over here to take a share in Her Majesty's Theatre. His uncle and namesake was a Domestic Prelate of Pius VI, and afterwards became a Cardinal. The gentleman himself, however, has the misfortune not to belong to the faith.

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Maher—Mother Mary Catherine Maher, who recently died at St. Leo's Convent of Mercy in Carlow, Ireland, was a noted member of the Sisters of Mercy. She joined the novitiate in her seventeenth year, and had entered the fifty-third year of her religious profession. For forty-six years she filled the most important offices in the community to which she was attached and for eighteen years was superioress. Among her relatives were her uncle Rev. James Maher, P. P., of Carlow Graigue, and her cousins, the late Cardinal Cullen, and the present Archbishop of Sydney, Cardinal Moran. Two sisters also belonged to the same order.

CATHOLIC—FOREIGN.

It is satisfactory to record that the movement to restore the sisters to the hospitals is growing in Paris.

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The religious of the Order of Spirito Santo have received permission to open a house in Germany for the education of missionaries to South Africa.

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In the coming month of May there will be a national pilgrimage from Germany to the Holy House of Loreto. Prine von Loewenstein is organizing it.

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The Holy Father is about to issue an appeal to the Catholics of the world for a more generous support of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

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Sicily is to have its Catholic congress. The movement for holding the gathering is receiving the earnest support of the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo.

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Rev. B. Vaughan, S. J., has received into the Catholic Church Miss Sidebotham, sister of the member of Parliament for the Hyde division of Chesshire, Eng.

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The wife of the Japanese Minister in Vienna has become a Catholic, and will be baptized in the faith by Archbishop Agliardi, the Papal Nuncio to the Austrian Court.

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An important congress of Catholic workingmen is announced to take place in Paris soon after Pentecost. Mr. Leon Harmel is taking an active part in preparing for this event.

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The Bishop of Liege has founded a society of priests called the Almoners of Labor, whose mission will be to look after the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of the working classes.

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The Russian Czar, like the German Emperor, has recently bestowed favors upon the Catholic metropolitan in his realm, to whom Nicholas II. recently sent a valuable diamond cross.

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A marble bust of Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminister, Eng., was unveiled in the sculpture gallery of the Town Hall at Manchester, on the 15th ult., in the presence of an influential assemblage.

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The Church of St. Joachim, now in course of erection in Rome, and designed as an offering from the whole of Christendom to the Holy Father, is at a standstill for want of funds. Subscriptions for the the work may be sent to the Direction Generale, 23 Via Pompeo Magno, Rome.

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Anything that makes religion secondary, makes religion nothing. God is patient and long-suffering with weakness and petty faults of the human heart, but there is one thing He will never endure—the second place. He who offers God the second place in his heart, offers Him no place.

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The Catholic University of Louvain has suffered a severe loss by the sudden death of Professor Bernard Jungmann, Dean of the Faculty of Theology. He was taken suddenly ill in the church of St. Joseph during the obsequies of a colleague (Prof. de Jaer) Saturday, January 12th, and died almost immediately.

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Prof. Pfielderer, the newly appointed rector of the Berlin University, in his recent inaugural address made the strange statement that Catholicism and Socialism were the two great national dangers of Germany. Emperor William has warmly congratulated the professor upon his address, and his action is causing much comment.

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Thirty-seven years ago, on Monday, Feb. 11, 1858, took place the first apparition of Our Lady of Loudres to Bernadette Soubirous. In that comparatively short space of time the fame of Our Lady of Loudres has penetrated the remotest parts of Christendom, from which pilgrims have gone to Lourdes to render homage to the benign patroness of the shrine.

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Years increase the interest in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart in Paris. In 1885 the basillica was visited by 200 pilgrimages; and in 1894 that number was swelled to 350. The register shows that 4,865 masses were said in the basillica six years ago; in 1894 the number was 8,659. In 1883, 69,000 communions were given against 93,300 in 1894. Last year the donations exceeded one million of francs.

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An attempt is being made to organize the Roman Catholic journalists and writers of London under the title of the Guild of SS. Dunstan and Bride. The object is to unite all Catholic men and women who write for the press "so that they may assist one another by mutual encouragement and advice and advance their own work by a general dedication of it to the glory of God.

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Leo XIII. entertained the highest esteem and the warmest affection for the late Monsignor Kirby, whose death was announced last week. They were theological students together, and frequently close competitors for the high-honors of their class. The Monsignor was a frequent visitor to the Vatican, where he was always welcomed in the most cordial manner by Sovereign Pontiff, who always appeared delighted to see his old classmate and enjoy a brief conversation with him.

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Archbishop Corrigan recently sent a letter to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, giving an account of the consecration of St. Stephen's Church on Dec. 20th and received in return a most gracious reply from Cardinal Ledochowski, in which the Cardinal pays a high tribute to the metropolitan of New York, and also to Rev. Charles H. Colton, the rector of St. Stephens, who struggled against many adversities and successfully overcame them. The Cardinal concludes by sending his congratulations.

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The Manitoba school case promises to play a very important part in the next general election in the Canadian Dominion, and great curiosity will be felt at the outcome of the contest. With the decision of the privy council on their side, the friends of the separate schools for Manitoba would appear to have great advantage; but there is no predicting what the result will be. The privy council's decision, with its strong statements and forcible logic, ought to have excellent effect in dispelling much of the prejudice with which interested parties have sought to becloud the real character of the grievances whereof the Catholics of Manitoba complain.

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A leaf of a Gothic Bible of the sixth or seventh century was recently discovered in the archives of the Haute Garonne by an abbe of Toulouse. It contains two chapters of Ecclesiasticus, and is valuable, for only a small portion of the Old Testament translated by Bishop Ulfilas has been preserved; the New Testament has fared better. Fragments of the Gothic Bible have been found in many parts of Europe, the most important and most famous of all being the Codex Argenteus, written in silver letters on crimson parchment, now in the library at Upsala, in Sweeden.

AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

Mgr. Satolli's Great Address Before the Gridiron Club.

The following is the remarkably thoughtful article to which we referred in our last issue, delivered before the Gridiron Club in Washington:

"From Aristotle to Montesquieu the renowned author of 'L'Esprit des Lois,' learned men have divided the functions of government into classes—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial—which are, in truth, but three activities of one and the same power, which is vested in him who has the care of the people and who represents them. Now, however, an adequate division of the powers of government would have to include a fourth element, and this is public opinion, exercising its activity through the organism of the public press. It is consequently a great pleasure and honor to me to be with you this evening, feeling as I do that I am surrounded by the representatives of this fourth power in the greatest and most glorious of modern republics—a Republic emulous of the glory of those of ancient times.

"A half century ago one of the principal periodicals of Europe, tee Civilta Cattolica, at the beginning of its existence, said, 'It happens naturally that in those countries where journalism is in vogue it comes to be a true perhaps even the supreme, social power, it being received as an axiom that public opinion is the mistress and queen of the world. This public opinion has no other means of making itself felt nor organ for its manifestation more efficacious than journalism.' And Bryce, in his admirable work on 'The American Commonwealth,' declares 'In no country is public opinion so powerful as in the United States; in no country can it be so well studied. * * * * Yet opinion has really been the chief and ultimate power in nearly all times, I mean the opinion, unspoken, unconscious, but not the less real and potent of the masses of the people'—and it is the public press which has the most generous and efficacious influence in constituting, moderating, keeping alive and modifying, when necessity requires public opinion.

"It is a question whether laws depend from the social dispositions of the people or whether the social dispositions depend from the laws. In my opinion, the dependence is mutual and consequently the legislative power cannot hold itself independent of nor indifferent to the popular opinion which manifest itself through the press.

"In this connection it is interesting to note the teaching of the celebrated Isidore of Seville concerning the necessary characteristics of all human law. He says: 'A law will be thoroughly reasonable only when it is in conformity with religion and good order, and promotes public welfare. It must be a proper law, just, possible both naturally and considering customs of the country; it must be befitting the circumstances of time and place; it should be needed and useful; it should be clear, too, containing nothing which may give rise to cavils on account of its obscurity; it should benefit no private interest, but should be enacted only for the common good of the people at large.'

"The reasons why Isidore assigns these qualities for a good and valid law are plain. Human law is the guide of life in society and proceeds from the prior and higher divine and natural law. Therefore, it ought to be proper, conforming to the supreme dictates of reason and to the government of Divine Providence; it should likewise conform to justice and to the capabilities of those who are to be governed by it, and should therefore be framed according to the state of civilization, according to the form of Government, and should respect private rights. It ought, moreover to be inspired by the consideration of the common need and utility. And so we define law as an ordination of reason enacted and promulgated for the common good by those to whom the government of the people is intrusted. If we consider each one of these necessary conditions we shall be convinced that it is the special work of the public press to make them known and verify their existence.

"Man, as a social being, has three natural needs: The communication of his ideas, interest and participation in the government of the State to which he belongs, and to be kept as accurately and promptly as possible informed of what goes on in the world about him. Nothing better meets these three wants than the public press. If men were left with the faculty of speech alone, none of these three needs would be satisfied. Books are, it is true, a useful expedient, but rather serve for general instruction than for the practical knowledge of the daily course of events, and may fittingly be called the fixed press. Periodicals answer the need better, but not sufficiently, as experience proves. They may be termed an intermittent press. The daily or public press, a continuous press, when well organized, has the advantage of being fully proportionate to the social exigencies of the human mind.

"The practical life, not only of the individual, but also of the body politic is a syllogism, the major proposition of which containing a general truth may be found in the book press; the minor may be had from the periodicals but to draw the conclusion belongs properly to the daily public press, which day by day describes the social life in its minutest details; therefore, just as the conclusion of the syllogism contains in itself all the strength of the premises and is distinct from them, so the public press contains all the force of general truths and of particular applications describing as in its proper field that which is done in practical life, as well by the governing as by the governed.

"Society is an organized body. The Government is its head; the people its members, the military its nerves and muscles; its blood, the wealth which has its sistole and astole through the industry of the people; morality and religion are its hearts. the press may well be termed its lungs, since it serves as the organ of public respiration.

"Or, again, I do not hesitate to say that, in the body politic, the public press has that office which in the individual is performed by the conscience and to define it as the organ of social conscience. In fact, what are the functions of conscience? To testify, to withhold, to instigate, to accuse, to reprehend, and to cause remorse. All these things follow the application of what we know to what we do, and this application is threefold: First, when we recognize that we have or have not done something, and in this way conscience is said to testify; next, when we judge that we ought or ought not to do something, and so conscience instigates or withholds; and, finally, when we judge that what we have done was well or badly done, and then conscience accuses, approves, or reprehends. And is it not indeed the public press which makes known the deeds of society from day to day?

"Charles Dudley Warner declares that the purpose of the creation of the newspaper is that it should be a mirror of contemporary life.' It is not the public press which at the proper time should make known to the makers of laws what should or should not be done for the common welfare. Can any one deny to the public press the right in matters which concern the people at large to estimate the value of public acts? And especially does the public press act as the public conscience, since the mass of the people think, speak, and act under the influence of impressions received from the daily papers.

"Up to the fifteenth century there was no vehicle of intellectual and moral light except the manuscript codices for the few, and monuments, pictures, and statues, by the sight of which the youth might be inspired to imitate the generous and glorious act of heroic men. The Hebrews at the time of their greatest glory had their temples and tombs. The Greeks had their temples, statues, and pictures, and the Romans had their trophies, columns, and arches. Then followed the days of schools and universities, which became the centres and sources of knowledge. From the invention of printing in the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, books were multiplied, and instruction facilitated and generalized, and libraries sprang up like so many temples of the human encyclopedia. It was left for the public press to provide fully and universally for the teaching of the masses.

"So great being the importance of the public press, it is evident how much those who labor in the ministry merit the good will and esteem of the people.

"I cannot agree with Mr. J. W. Keller, who makes of journalism a mere trade, and a poor one at that. To me it seems a life of devotion to high and noble work, to the enlightenment and betterment of mankind, bringing with it that reward, richer than the mere accumulation of wealth the consciousness of being a factor in the onward progress of humanity. If then the public press is a kind of social priesthood, one can easily understand that those who administer it should be conscious of their high office and conform always to the rules of sacred duty. I may not be indiscreet in suggesting that over the door of every newspaper building should be inscribed the words. "Truth Justice, Honesty of All, for All."

"And today, even her treasures of monumental literature can be read without books the record of centuries of civil, religious, and moral virtues. From the day of my arrival in America down to the present moment, I have had every reason to feel pleased with the press of this country, to conceive the most exalted opinion of it, to appreciate its great importance, to nourish for it feelings of sincere and imperishable gratitude."

St. Joseph.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit, have the pious custom of offering up all their prayers and good works during the entire month of March for all those who seek their aid in this way:

Such as desire their prayers, will write their requests, sign the same, and forward them to the Superioress of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Lefevre Institute, Kalamazoo, Mich., on or before the 1st of March.

During each year the Sisters are in receipt of many letters, expressing the gratitude of the recipients for favors obtained through the intercession of this glorious patron and this devotion. The sick claim they have been healed, extraordinary vocations have been obtained, unhappy marriages were blessed, sin was overcome and virtue acquired.

John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, is the son of a wealthy farmer, received his schooling in tho Emerald Isle and completed his edcation at Trinity College, Dublin. He started life as a committee clerk to the House of Commons, and a little later entered as a student at Gray's Inn. It was not until after he first knew Mr. Parnell that the ambition arose to participate in the hard political fighting of the day.

Watches Given Away.

Here is a chance for bright boys and girls to secure a handsome nickle, sivver or gold watch by the expenditure of a little time and energy and a visit to a few friends.

The publisher of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC has made arrangements with a wholesale jewelry house of this city for a large supply of watches—good time-keepers and of pretty design. These we propose to distribute in a manner which will bring them within the reach of everyone.

Special blanks have been provided by which intending subscribers pay to the boy or girl canvasser 25 cents, and agree to pay 50 cents more any time at the subscriber's convenience within the six months, for a subscription covering that length of time. On receipt of the name, accompanied by 25 cents, the paper will be forwarded every week, and the publisher will wait for the balance.

As soon as ten names are secured and $2.50 paid at the office, the boy or girl canvasser will be entitled to an elegant nickle watch, suitable in size or either sex.

For twenty-five names, accompanied by $6.25, a beautiful silver watch, with cases handsomely embossed, will be presented to the successfuj canvasers.

And if that is not enough, for fifty subscribers, when accompanied by $12.50, a gem of a time-piece, with gold cases and best American works, will be given to the laborer.

For single subscricers for six months, when accompanied by the 75 cents necessary to pay for a six months' subscription, we will present a handsome illustrated, gilt-bound prayer-book of 190 pages, containing prayers at Mass and at Vespers, instructions for confession and Communion, etc., a most complete and useful little book. We have also on hand an assortment of pictures, 13x16 inches in size, comprising such subjects as the Sacred Heart of Jesus or Mary, St. Joseph, St. Anthony, Immaculate Conception, etc. These are also offered on the same terms as the prayer book and will be given until the present supply is exhausted.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fiish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

ALIEN LANDOWNERS IN AMERICA.

Evils of Trying the Rack Renting System In This Country.

That English aristocrats should rule large domains in the United States and rule them from London is at first a difficult thing to grasp. Not until it is borne in mind that peers and peeresses of Great Britain are large landed proprietors in our country—Viscount Scully alone owns 3,000,000 acres in Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska—does the significance of absenteeism in landlords become apparent. But now the matter will be brought home to Americans more directly than it has ever been brought home yet, for there is shortly to be a union in London of the American landowning interests, and a series of drastic measures are scheduled, which, it is believed, will not only increase the annual rentals of the vast domain involved, but which will greatly affect the destiny of the hundreds of thousands who dwell upon it.

For some time past it has been evident to the foreign landowners that concerted action on their part was essential to their interests. It is well known to those who have ever casually looked into the matter that foreign landowning has much impeded the development of the western commonwealths. These great landowners positively refuse to sell. They prefer to establish a system of agencies and bailiffs, with the result that very serious complications have resulted. The state legislatures have done their best to deal with the question, but heretofore with only indifferent success. Viscount Scully is, rightly or wrongly, made the scapegoat of this whole business. He has for years been a thorn in the path of one state administration after another, and his shrewdness in evading every provision of law directed against him has extorted the admiration of thousands. Thus Scully practically owns in Illinois the best parts of the counties of Logan, Livingston and Tagewell. The state in 1887 passed an alien land law, directed solely against Scully. To evade it he insisted beforehand upon a clause in all his leases stipulating that the lessee should pay all taxes accruing against the property leased. The result was the creation of a large and solid body of voters in the Scully counties, as they are called, opposed to propositions of public improvement by taxation.—Boston Herald.

AUTHORITIES ON SNOBS.

Cholly Indorses McAllister, and Both Jump Onto the Society Toads.

The end is certainly drawing near when Mac begins to write autobiography.

He took up the question of snobs yesterday, a subject upon which no living man is more capable of writing, and said:

"A snob toadies to the rich and prominent persons of society, feeling that he owes his social support to them, and is utterly indifferent to those who do not wear the garb of society."

Hits the case exactly! Do you see? Do you understand?

And again:

"If we should examine into the metaphysics of snobbery, I should say that a snob is the result of two component forces. Given a man of absorbing ambition and place him in an environment where this unscrupulous ambition for social supremacy will be cherished and encouraged by those who thrive on adulation, and you have the snob."

Don'tcherknow? Yes, we all do.

Nobody in New York has got such a distinctive and distinguished social position that any one need bother his head to toady to him.

Persons of the best social position are of course women and men of the best birth and breeding, who lead the most correct lives, yet these are not the persons beset by toadies.

It is money and what it brings that we—Mac, you and I—are all after. The toady doesn't care so much to be seen walking on Fifth avenue with a Stuyvesant or a Hamilton as he does to drive with a Vanderbilt or spend two weeks in the country with a Webb.

He may never tell you about his walk, but you are sure to hear all about his dinner and visit. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your swell acquaintances and glorify you accordingly is the snob's gospel, the toady's creed.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE.

The Surprising Dilemma of an Illinois Congressman's Constituent.

An Illinois congressman is now going about the corridors of the capitol wondering what is going to happen to one of his constituents. Last spring he was requested by the said constituent to exercise in his behalf one of the functions of a statesman—to wit, to send him some garden seed from the department of agriculture. The member hastened to comply, and a contingent of seed was at once dispatched to the Illinois man. They went, of course, in a government envelope or envelopes by mail, with the usual legend, "$300 penalty for private use."

In due course the congressman, to show his interest in the welfare of his constituent, wrote to him asking if the seed had been received and if they had grown all right. The constituent replied that they had been planted and had come up finely, "but," said he in his letter, "what shall I do with the stuff I have raised? I notice there is a penalty of $300 for private use, so I don't like to take any chances."

This was a construction put upon it which the congressman had not before thought of, and the more he thought of it the more he wondered what would happen to that constituent in Illinois. and he is still wondering.—Washington Letter.

Victoria's Household Expenses.

Students of economical housekeeping will be interested to know that the expenses of the queen of England's household last year amounted to $865,000, three-quarters of which was salaries.

ELECTED WHILE IN JAIL.

House Blair Will Serve Four Weeks More and Then Assume His Office.

"I'm the only man in Habersham that kin reach up an pull a possum outen the top uv a persimmon tree. I stand 6 feet an a half even in my stockin feet. I kin lick air man in Center Hill district, an my name is Benjamin Houston Blair, called 'House' Blair fer short."

The rugged looking mountaineer braced back his broad shoulders, jerked his slouch hat down over one eye and began to stride rapidly down the corridor of the jail.

House Blair is a man of distinction. His influence is paramount in the rocky regions about Mount Airy. Politically he is a tower of strength. He is a formidable enemy during election time, and ill fares the unfortunate fellow who chances to incur his wrath.

There was a municipal election in his district recently. House Blair was not there. His natural proclivity for manufacturing mountain dew had caused him to be transported to Fulton county jail. Neither the absence nor the charge weakened his power. The clans of Center Hill gathered together, and when the ballots were counted out it was found that House Blair had been elected bailiff. Great was the rejoicing among his followers when the news of the result was announced, and they sent a letter to their champion telling him "to hurry up an git through servin his sentence; that the court proceedin's were awaitin on him."

In altitude the Hon. Benjamin Houston Blair almost rivals the rugged peaks of the Blue Ridge. His face is as red as the sunset about Mount Airy, and his scant, unkempt beard is suggestive of the scrubby growth on its precipitous sides. His voice is deep, like the distant rumbling of a cataract, and his smile is as broad as the limits of his face will allow. He wears a spacious brimmed slouch hat, which he is in the habit of pulling down over one eye. A blue striped shirt and a pair of jean trousers stuffed in heavy high topped boots complete his costume.

"Now, the boys tuk on themselves to elec' me to thar office uv bailiff, which office, as you uns knows, is in ther gift uv the people. I wasn't a-seekin uv it, but they jes' give it to me to show that they didn't keer how much them thar revenues got onto me.

"Does I make moonshine? In course I do. Bin makin uv it fer ther las' ten years an never wuz reported until this time. An I never would a bin caught then but some uv them smart Alexs what we boys beat out endurin uv the las' election tuk a noshun that I wuz a-keepin a still an told thar revenues about it.

"That still were put up in my smokehouse ten years this las' gone November, an she made stacks an cords uv good ole corn fer me. Ye see, I didn't keep any smokestack, an nobody could see the smoke, as she jest floated out uv the rafters. My ole lady's bin a-runnin uv it fer ther las' two years, an she kin make jes' as good doublin's as anybody about thar.

"I live lackin jes' two miles an a quarter from Mount Airy, an I kin walk thar in a quarter of an hour any day. I'ze ergoin back thar an take charge as bailiff an stop makin moonshine, as this here feed don't agree with my ways uv livin."

House Blair has only four weeks more to serve. He is waiting impatiently for the time to come when he shall go back to take charge of the Center Hill district as bailiff.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN ELECTRICAL GIRL.

She Lives In Missouri, and Wonderful Tales Are Told About Her.

The latest electrical girl to be heard from is Jennie Moran, who lives near Sedalia, Mo. One of her many alleged wonderful powers is that of illuminating a room by her presence. This she can do or not do, just as she chooses. The most marvelous thing, however, about the feat is that human eyes have not yet been able to see where the light comes from. On entering a dark room it is at once as light as day if she wills, but when she goes out the light is extinguished. When producing the phenomenon, nobody dares touch her on penalty of death. She seems to be charged with all the electrical bolts of a live wire. The personal atmosphere that surrounds her at such times repels and thus has saved many from injury.

A cat was picked up by the girl while charged and was instantly killed. In fact, she is admitted to be an actual human dynamo. Even during ordinary times, when she is as near the normal as she ever gets, terrific shocks are experienced by those who take hold of her hands. One gentleman, Henry J. Ashcroft, who was investigating the case, endeavored to undergo the torments of the girl's powers, but at the end of a few seconds was unconscious. After recovering he found that his gold watch had turned black. So, at least, the stories run in the local papers.—New York Tribune.

No Sympathy For Lady Churchill.

There is a world of significance which is fully appreciated in this country in the fact that the queen sent a warm message of condolence to the dowager Duchess of Marlborough on the death of her son, but no word to the bereaved widow, Lady Randolph Churchill. The omission carries with it peculiar bitterness, because Lady Randolph has been most faithfully devoted during her husband's long illness, and whatever gossip may have said in the past there has been no question in recent years of her rank and prominence in the best social circles. She has of course never been able to expiate the crime of being an American.—London Dispatch.

Antitoxine In Paris.

Returns have been made in Paris as to the application of the antitoxine treatment. In 2,700 cases of diphtheria previous to Jan. 1 there were 433 deaths, or 16 per cent. This reduction in the mortality is about one-half.

A GRAND Opportunity TO MAKE MONEY

$5 to $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the list will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is The Plan

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send $100 to the office, retaining $50 commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express orders payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

Stockton Gains.

Now Advanced From the Fifth to the Third Place.

Stockton is still coming to the front with a very handsome standing in the contest for the Ostensorium and promises to give the other towns in the race a hard task to overcome the growing lead. All it needs is some energetic worker to take hold of the matter and place it so far ahead that all others will have to look to their laurels.

Berkeley is determined not to be left behind, and is crowding Alameda very close. The latter town is apparently slumbering after the first brush, but as nearly every Catholic family in the Encinal City takes the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC, except in a showing of single coupons, it will be hard for the workers to get new ones.

Grass Valley promises to be another town which will bear watching by its other competitors. An increase of thirty-seven votes this week materially affects its position in the field, and the town will no doubt soon be well to the fore.

On the easy terms on which this magnificent Ostensorium is offered no church can afford to lose it without at least making an effort to secure it. By the method which is to be followed in its assignment, even the smallest parish in the State has an equal chance with any other. So all should be in the fold and work with a vim for their own church.

Returning to the subject of articles for church use, our first offer is to present a

HANDSOME OSTENSORIUM

to the church or chapel which shall be designated by our subscribers. In this and subseqent issues a blank will be printed on which each subscriber will be entitled to designate his choice, and for those who wish to increase their efforts by securing new subscribers, extra special blanks will be provided on which will be recorded their choice, as follows:

For one year's ubscripton	75	60 points
For six months' "	78	30 points
For four months	50	20 points
For two months	26	10 points

As these names are received the points will be credited, and the tickets deposited in a sealed box, out of which they will be taken in the presence of a committee, when the date of receiving the last subscriber under the offer shall be announced.

It may be surmised that under this plan, in consequence of the disparity in number of parishioners, or members of different churches, those having the greatest number will secure the ostensorium. In order to overcome this difference in membership the proportional plan will be followed. A careful estimate of the average number in each Catholic body working to secure the ostensorium will be made, and the one securing the largest proportion of the points received will, under the terms of this offer, be entitled to the award.

It would hardly be fair to pursue any other course, for in many country parishes every one might designate their own church, and yet not number over fifty, while in a parish with five or six hundred members, only one hundred might express their preference. Justice would, therefore, demand that the smaller place should receive the award. While the term parish or church is used principally throughout this article, any society or sodality, having a chapel devoted to their use entitled to the same privileges as a church.

For the benefit of our readers we have placed the Ostensenrium on exhibition in the window of A. Waldteufel, 721 Market street. For those who may not be able to see the beautiful present, awaiting an owner, the following description is appended:

The Ostensorium stands 26 inches high and is of most elaborate workmanship; rich chasing, mounted with jewels, including a row of brilliants around Luna.

The following is the standing of the different churches at noon Friday.

Alameda	278 points
Berkeley	214 points
Stockton	186 points
Grass Valley	67 points
Gilroy	64 points
Red Bluff	62 points
St. Patricks, San Jose	54 points
St. James, S.F	28 points
Virginia City	20 points

MY CHOICE FOR

The Handsome Ostensorium

is.....Church

at.....

Mail or bring to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC,

Room 10 Montgomery Block.

San Francisco. [No. 3.]

The Washington University.

Right Rev. John J. Keane, rector of the Catholic University of Washington, has issued an appeal to the friends of that institution. After referring to that portion of the late encyclical referring to the aims and objects of the University, Bishop Keane says:

At no possible moment could this soul-stirring appeal of the Holy Father have come more opportunely than at present. The next eight months may well be considered the crucial epoch in the history of the University. Between now and the 1st of next October we have to equip the philosophical, scientific, legal and literary departments, which are meant chiefly for lay students, but which will also be invaluable adjuncts to the thorough education of eccleciastics. Professorships and scholarships have to be endowed, libraries and labratories have to be furnished, and all the educational facilities provided which modern science demands. The Holy Father warns us that, in all such matters, we are "not to be followers, but leaders." Who does not know what this implies in the way not only of learned men, but also of financial resources? The learned men, please God, we shall find. For the means to support and develop the great work we have to look to the generous zeal of wealthy Catholics for the large endowments, and to the no less admirable generosity of those who are not wealthy, but wish, nevertheless, to have a hand in the Church's chief work in America, who know how to make up for the smallness of purse by nobleness of heart and by cheerful self-sacrifice, and whose contributions have thus far filled up the gaps and helped the great work on to its present stage of advancement.

Chief among these helpful agencies have been the Divinity Fund Association and the University Fund Association. The former is recruited from the ranks of the clergy, the latter from among the laity, each member undertaking to contribute one hundred dollars annually during ten years, or as long as Providence renders it practicable for the carrying on of the divinity department, and for the organization of the various departments for the laity. Their united contributions have averaged nine thousand dollars annually, an invaluable aid, in fact an indispensable help in the development of the University thus far.

If the membership of the associations could be filled up so as to number each one hundred associates, the twenty thousand dollars annually thence resulting would be a very great power in promoting the growth of the University and fully accomplishing the desires of the Holy Father. Are there not priests and laymen enough willing to make this practical response to the appeal of the Vicar of Christ, even if the doing it should entail some privation or sacrifice which they would offer up for the glory of our Lord?

And let those who could not possibly give one hundred dollars a year become members of the Chapel Fund Association, a voluntary organization of pious ladies and gentlemen contributing ten dollars a year for the defraying of our Divinity Chapel expenses and for its gradual endowment. Or let them form bands of ten, associated with the University Fund Association for the general needs of the University.

In my audiences with our Holy Father last summer I told him of the help given to the University by the annual contributions of the Divinity Fund Association, the University Fund Association and the Chapel Fund Association. He gave to this system of co-operation his hearty approval, and bestowed his Apostolic Benediction on all the members.

The *Catholic University Bulletin* will be sent regularly to each member of the associations. Two Solemn Masses, assisted at by the whole University, are celebrated each year for our living and our deceased benefactors. Many private Masses are said for them every month by our faculty and students. They are in our grateful prayers always.

Members who have already sent their annual contributions will please accept our renewed thanks. As early returns as possible from the others will be gratefully appreciated, To those who have not yet joined we personally appeal to swell the ranks.

Gratefully and respectfully,

JOHN J. KEANE, Rector.

Cornered by Pius IX.

The facility with which M. Brunetiere obtained an audience with the Pope has caused M. Zola's complete failure to obtain a similar favor to be discussed afresh. The fact is, M. Zola talked too much about his intention to see the Pope in furtherance of his new literary scheme long before he went to Rome. Under these circumstances it was but natural that his Holiness should have felt that with the interests of Christendom in his keeping he had no time to waste in providing M. Zola with material for his "pendant to 'Lourdes.'"

M. Hector Malot, another French romancer, and also a free-thinker, did not make the same mistake before asking an audience of Pius IX. He did not announce his intended visit to the Vatican with any flourish of trumpets. This is how he describes his reception by Pius IX:

"The Pope came towards me; the Monsignore who preceded him took my letter and said: 'The Signor Hector Malot, presented by the French Embassy.' The Pope looked at me a moment, and then asked: 'What do you wish of me?' 'To offer my homage to your Holiness.' 'You must ask something of me.' I knew what I ought to ask for, but I was perplexed. My ideas did not admit of my asking him for his blessing. I had come to see, not to get anything. On the other hand, I wished to be respectful towards this veteran who received me in his own house. My position was ridiculous. As the Pope looked at me again he smiled, and laying his hand on my forehead, he said: 'Very well, then, I will give it to you, all the same.' Then he turned towards my neighbors, the English, leaving me rather bewildered. I wished to be able to applaud him for the spiritual manner in which he had cornered me."

Gladstone's Liberality.

Gladstone is not a bigot. The Grand Old Man is engaged in the founding of a public library at Hawarden. He intends to have religious works in it. In order that the Catholics shall be fairly represented he has written to the London Catholic publishers, Burns & Oates, a letter in which he says: "I am founding a library at this place, of which a considerable portion will be theological, and in the theological portion a large section will be historical. I have no difficulty in obtaining the works, either Anglican or Puritan, which belong to the history especially of the sixteenth, but also of the seventh, century. An essential part of that history, however, is what I may term Anglo-Roman, and to do this I find little access in the ordinary book market. It occurs to me that your firm is likely to have the means of acquiring libraries, or parts of libraries, rich in this department. If this be so, and if an occasion arise, I should be very glad if, in furtherance of my purpose, which you may approve, you would be good enough to inform me. The library is not to be private or personal, but is intended for wider purposes." Who cannot help admiring the Grand Old Man's fairness? If there were many more great men like him in this respect the world would be better for it.—*Catholic News.*

Our Holy Fathers, the early hermits who endured so many trials and so much suffering, who led such austere lives, continually afflicting their bodies, were not of iron but of flesh and blood like ourselves.—Life of St. Teresa.

Little things on little wings,
Bear little souls to Heaven.

THE BETTER PART.

There's a gray old church on a wind swept hill
Where three bent yew trees cower.
The gypsy roses grew there still,
And the thyme and St. John's gold flower,
The pale blue violets that love the chalk
Cling light round the lichen stone,
And starlings chatter and gray owls talk
In the belfry o' nights alone.

It's a thousand leagues and a thousand years
From the brick built, gas lit town
To the church where the wild thyme hears
The bees and the breeze of the down.
The town is crowded and hard and rough.
Let those fight in its press who will,
But the little churchyard is quiet enough,
And there's room in the churchyard still.

—Pall Mall Budget.

A GERMAN HEROINE.

[The following tale was taken from a local Holstein newspaper and translated by the eminent scholar, Max Muller, who says of it "that it came to him in a heap of other papers, fly sheets, pamphlets and books, but it shone like a diamond in a heap of rubbish, and," Max Muller adds, "as the tale of 'The Old Woman of Sleswick-Holstein' it may help to give to many who have been unjust to the inhabitants of the duchies some truer idea of the stuff there is in that strong and stanch and sterling race to which England owes its language, its best blood and its honored name."]

THE TALE OF THE OLD WOMAN OF SLESWICK-HOLSTEIN.

When the war against Denmark began in the winter of 1863, offices were opened in the principal towns of Germany for collecting charitable contributions. At Hamburg Messrs. L. and K. had set apart a large room for receiving lint, linen and warm clothing or small sums of money.

One day, about Christmas, a poorly clad woman from the country stepped in and inquired in the pure Holstein dialect whether contributions were received here for Sleswick-Holstein. The clerk showed her to a table covered with linen rags and such like articles. But she turned away and pulled out an old leather purse, and taking out pieces of money began to count aloud on the counter, "One mark, two marks, three marks," till she had finished her ten marks. "That makes ten marks," she said and shoved the little pile away. The clerk, who had watched the poor old woman while she was arranging her small copper and silver coins, asked her, "From whom does the money come?"

"From me," she said and began counting again, "One mark, two marks, three marks." Thus she went on emptying her purse till she had counted out ten small heaps of coin of ten marks each. Then, counting each heap over once again, she said: "These are my hundred marks for Sleswick Holstein. Be so good as to send them to the soldiers."

While the old peasant woman was doing her sums several persons had gathered around her, and as she was leaving the shop she was asked again in a tone of surprise from whom the money came.

"From me," she said, and observing that she was closely scanned she turned back, and looking the man full in the face she added, smiling: "It is all honest money. It won't hurt the good cause."

The clerk assured her that no one had doubted her honesty, but that she herself had no doubt often known want, and that it was hardly right to let her contribute so large a sum, probably the whole of her savings.

The old woman remained silent for a time, but after she had quietly scanned the faces of all present she said: "Surely it concerns no one how I got the money. Many a thought passed through my heart while I was counting that money. You would not ask me to tell you all?

"But you are kind gentlemen, and you take much trouble for us poor people. So I'll tell you whence the money came. Yes, I have known want, food has been scarce with me many a day, and it will be so again as I grow older, but our gracious Lord watches over us. He has helped me to bear the troubles which he sent. He will never forsake me. My husband has been dead this many and many a year. I had one only son, and my John was a fine stout fellow, and he worked hard, and he would not leave his old mother. He made my home snug and comfortable.

"Then came the war with the Danes. All his friends joined the army, but the only son of a widow, you know, is free. So he remained at home, and no one said to him, 'Come along with us,' for they knew that he was a brave boy, and that it broke his very heart to stay behind. I knew it all. I watched him when the people talked of the war or when the schoolmaster brought the newspaper. Ah, how he turned pale and red, and how he looked away and thought his old mother did not see it! But he said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Gracious God, who could have thought that it was so hard to drive our oppressors out of the land?

"Then came the news from Frederica! That was a dreadful night. We sat in silence opposite each other. We knew what was in our hearts, and we hardly dared look at each other. Suddenly he rose and took my hand and said, 'Mother!' God be praised, I had strength in that moment. 'John,' I said, 'our time has come. Go, in God's name. I know how thou lovest me and what thou hast suffered. God knows what will become of me if I am left alone, but our Lord Jesus Christ will forsake neither thee nor me.'

"John enlisted as a volunteer. The day of parting came. Ah, I am making a long story of it all! John stood before me in his new uniform. 'Mother,' he said, 'one request before we part—if it is to be.' 'John,' I said to him, 'I know what thou meanest. Oh, I shall weep. I shall weep very much when I am alone, but my time will come, and we shall meet again in the day of our Lord, John, and the land shall be free, John; the land shall be free!'"

Heavy tears stood in the poor old woman's eyes as she repeated her sad tale, but she soon collected herself and continued: "I did not think then it would be so hard. The heart always hopes even against hope. But for all that," and here the old woman drew herself up and looked at us like a queen, "I have never regretted that I bade him go. Then came dreadful days, but the most dreadful of all was when we read that the Germans had betrayed the land, and that they had given up our land, with all our dead, to the Danes! Then I called on the Lord and said: 'O Lord, my God, how is that possible? Why lettest thou the wicked triumph and allowest the just to perish?'

"And I was told that the Germans were sorry for what they had done, but that they could not help it. But that, gentlemen, I could never understand. We should never do wrong nor allow wrong to be done. And therefore, I thought, it cannot always remain so. Our good Lord knows his own good time, and in his own good time he will come and deliver us. And I prayed every evening that our gracious Lord would permit me to see that day when the land should be free and our dear dead should sleep no more in Danish soil. And as I had no other son against that day I saved every year what I could save, and on every Christmas eve I placed it before me on a table, where, in former years, I had always placed a small present for my John, and I said in my heart, 'The war will come again, and the land will be free, and thou shalt sleep in a free grave, my only son, my John!'

"And now, gentlemen, the poor old woman has been told that the day has come, and that her prayer has been heard, and that the war will begin again, and that is why she has brought her money—the money she saved for her son. Good morning, gentlemen!"

But before she had left the room an old gentleman said, loud enough for her to hear: "Poor body! I hope she may not be deceived."

"Ah," said the old woman, turning back, "I know what you mean. I have been told all is not right yet, but have faith, men. The wicked cannot prevail against the just. Man cannot prevail against the Lord. Hold to that, gentlemen. Hold fast together, gentlemen! This very day I begin to save up again."

Bless her, good old soul! And if Odin were still looking out of his window in the sky, as of yore, when he granted victory to the women of the Lombards, might he not say even now:

When women are heroes,
What must the men be like?
Theirs is the victory.
No need of me.

—Exchange.

Picture of a Bachelor.

Mr. Joseph Tipton was a bachelor of exceedingly methodical habits. Prim and neat in appearance, he never affected any new fashions, but always looked exactly the same day after day—pepper and salt colored trousers, with black cutaway coat. No one had ever seen him in a different attire. Not even when he was supposed to be indulging in a holiday did he condescend to a more comfortable looking costume. He was so much the creature of routine that it would have been no comfort to have been in any other garments than those he usually wore. He was short, his figure had a slight idea of developing into rotundity, but evidently it was only a half formed idea, for he remained comparatively thin. He had a mild, ordinary looking face, which he tried to make severe by cultivating his rather thick eyebrows well over his eyes, but if you took the trouble to look underneath them and behind the gold rimmed glasses you would have discovered that his eyes were of dull grayish hue, the reverse of what he desired to make them appear. Still the little irritable, narrow lines about the mouth and chin prevented his face from wearing that benevolent look which would have made children know he was their friend. He was just the man who held children and dogs at arm's length, which showed a certain warp in the little man's character.—London Society.

The Writing of "Ben-Hur."

General Lew Wallace in his lecture on "Ben-Hur" recounts some facts in connection with the writing of that famous novel. At the time he wrote the story General Wallace had never visited the Holy Land, and under the circumstances his accurate pictures are little short of marvelous. All the information he had was obtained from personal acquaintances who had traveled through Palestine and from reading the writings of other authors. A large map was before him as he wrote, and he constantly had to draw on his imagination, but in this respect he was always fortunate and never made a blunder in his descriptions. In fact, the Palestine of "Ben-Hur" is generally regarded as authoritative, and General Wallace relates with keen relish how a younger author wrote a story, the scene of which was laid in the Holy Land, and stole all his descriptions bodily from "Ben-Hur." General Wallace says that his hardest task in writing the book was to find a hero. His favorite passage in the story is the scene of Ben-Hur's house, where he describes the miracles of Christ. General Wallace believes that more art is displayed in this passage than even in the famous chariot race, which is generally regarded as the strongest passage of the book.

The Chignon, 1771.

I had my heddus roll on. Aunt Storer said it ought to made less. Aunt Deming said it ought not to be made at all. It makes my head itch and ache and burn like anything, mamma. This famous roll is not made wholly of a red cow tail, but is a mixture of that and horsehair (very coarse) and a little human hair of yellow hue, that, I suppose, was taken out of the back part of an old wig. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue and modesty without the help of false hair, red cow tail and D—— (the barber).—"Diary of Anna Green Winslow," Alice Mono Earle.

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Fine Family Flour, $2 60 $3, $3 25 per bbl.
Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.
Sago, 25 lbs. for $1.
Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.
Tea, 20c., 25c., 40c., and 50c. per lb.
Full Cream Cheese, 10c. per lb.
Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.
Eastern hams, 12½c. per lb.
Tomatoes, 85c. and 90c. per dozen.
15-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermacilli, 65c. per box.
Fine, Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.
Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.
Good Reisling, 50c. 60c. and 75c.
Port Wine, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Sherry, 75c. $1, and $1.50 gal.
Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.
Irish Whisky, $3.00 per gal.
All Wines and Liquors at Reduced Rates.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of February.

Sexagesima Sunday.

St. Joseph's—Mission San Jose.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, February 23rd.

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Feb 17th. Sunday—Sexagesima—S. Fintan, Ab. 560.—C R.

Feb. 18th. Monday—S. Simeon, Bp. M. 107.

Feb. 19th. Tuesday—S. Conrad of Placentia 1257.

Feb. 20th. Wednesday—S. Eucherius, Bp. 778.—S. Mildred. V. Ab 650. Anniversary of the election of Leo XIII.

Feb. 21st. Thursday—S. Felix, Bp. Apostle of Metz, 128.—B Deigo Carvalho, M S. J., 1634.—HH.

Feb. 22nd. Friday—S. PETER'S CHAIR AT ANTIOCH.—B. Isabella, V 1270.

Feb. 23th. Sunday—S. Peter Damain, Bp. D 1072.—Vigil of S. Matthias.

Can This be so?

The Sacramento Bee for weeks past has been vigorously insisting that the Bible even without commentary cannot without breach of the Law of California be read as it is done at the beginning of the day in the Public Schools. On Saturday last it had a very exhaustive reply on the matter to a sermon of a clergyman of the First Christian Church, who preached to the contrary. To support its argument the Bee cites the decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in which State the Law is identical with that of California. The contention of the Bee is that the Bible is a sectarian work. We should have thought there can be no two opinions on the matter. Justice Orton in the decision just referred to states its very explicitly, in his recorded opinion.

"It requires," says he, "but little argument to prove that the Protestant version of the Bible, or any other version of the Bible, is the source of religious strife and opposition, and opposed to the religious belief of many of our people. It is a sectarian book. The Protestants were a very small sect in religion at one time; and they are a sect yet, to the great Catholic Church, against whose usages they protest, and so is their Bible sectarian as against the Catholic version of it."

But interesting as all this is, and jnst as is the logical conclusion, that the Law should no longer be disobeyed, and that a plain duty rests on the Board of Education to see that it is complied with, still the question at the head of this article refers to a different matter.

The Bee charges that its reverend opponent proceeds "upon the very false assumption that this is a Christian Nation, and that this Government was founded on the elemental basis of Christianity. That idea permeated the sermon throughout---this is a Christian country, and therefore whatever the most numerous sects of the Christians want must be done---to expostulate would be infidelity; to rebel, treason.

In order that the distinctions may be made as broad as possible, and that at the very outset the seperate roads may be mapped out, it will be affirmed in this article that the United States of America is no more a Christian Nation than it is a Jewish; no more a Jewish than a Mohammedan; no more a Mohammedan than a Buddhistic. The reader will undoubtedly desire some better authority for this statement than mere dogmatic assertion. Very well! The author of that declaration is the Senate of the United States, which said, in the treaty with Tripoli, ratified in 1797:

Article XI.---As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion---as it has in itself no character of enmity to the laws, religion, or tranquility of Mussulmen---and as the said States have never entered into any war or act of hostility anainst any Mohammadan Nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries.

The Constitution of the United States was ratified in 1788, only nine years before the seal of approval was put upon that treaty by the United States Senate, and the doctrine that this is not a Christian nation was explicitly, emphatically and unmistakably promulgated by that body."

Can this be so? Heretofore we imagined the Christian moral code was the basis of that of the United States. The highest Catholic dignataries and members of the varied Protestant sects have at sundry times so declared.

Rampant Ritualism.

Unfettered by the Crown in Council and by Bishops of the Church established by law in England, the ritualistic clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this land of freedom are growing wildly rampant in introducing the usages and functions of Holy Church into their conventicles. It is but a short time ago that the Examiner gave a description of the Roman Catholic ceremonies in use at St. Mary the Virgin in this city. But these fade before the following described in a ritualistic organ of New York.

"In commemoration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the first service in the old Church, Solemn High Mass was sung on Saturday the Feast of the Conception, at 9:30 A. M. Rev. Father Brown celebrant, Father Staunton deacon, Father Upjohn sub-deacon. Shortly after 3 P. M., the procession of the clergy left the building opposite the new location for the service of the laying of the cornerstone. The crucifer, accompanied by two acolytes, was followed by the choir; then came the visiting clergy and the parish clergy. The procession of the Bishop and his acolytes at the same time approached from another house, the crucifer and his acolytes attired in scarlet and white, the Bishop vested in cope and mitre of white and gold."

In the same monthly organ, there is announced Daily Mass, Requiem Mass, Childrens Mass, High Mass, Solemn High Mass, Confessions at certain hours on specified days, the devotion of the Way of the Cross, Months' Mine, all in this ritualistic church under the direction of the clergymen mentioned above.

To us outsiders, it surpasses ordinary intelligence how men well known for goodness and professing to do the Master's work can so blind themselves. As they and their fellow ritulists admit, their ceremonial has been introduced in face of staunch opposition. They know full well, these practices and devotional exercises they have taken bodily from the Roman Catholic Church, and from the works of her writers do they learn how to hear confessions, how to practice certain devotions, how to perform various functions. There is apparent dishonesty, while professing to be members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and while bound to follow her Book of Common Prayer, these clergyman really follow according to their own sweet will whatever they like in the usages of the Roman Catholic Church. It is certainly very anomalous.

The bearing of all this on the spread of the Church and the salvation of souls we shall deal with from time to time. Meanwhile to call oneself Father, or to say one is to celebrate Mass, or to imitate however perfectly Roman ceremonies, will not deceive our own people. And in the long run will it deceive all other people in all times.

One of the special consequences of Protestantism has been to destroy the true doctrine of the Incarnation. Jesus Christ has the perfect nature of God, and the perfect nature of man, while having but one personality that of the Son of God. Protestants either confound the two natures or create two persons---more generally the latter. They treat our Blessed Lord as having body and soul and a human personality. This explains why they consider our worship of the Blessed Virgin idolatrous. Believing Jesus Christ to be a human person only they render to Him no more than we render to Mary the Mother of God. The Protestant Episcopalians at this late day find it necessary to issue a pastorial letter on belief in the Incarnation is an additional proof of what we have asserted.

The unusual occurence of a man speaking after his whole tongue had been removed occured at St. Luke's Hospital in this city, In Persia to cut out the tongue, is one of the penalties inflicted by law. And it happens that when not the tip but the whole member is removed persons are able to talk sufficiently intelligibly. Gibbon, the historian, not having known as similar facts, treats as a fraud the well known and well attested miracle of the African Catholics who spoke and continued to speak for years till death, after their tongues had been torn out by the command of the barbarous Hunneric.

We commend to the thoughtful consideration of our Protestant Episcopal brethren to the following weighty words of Cardinal Vaughan. He says:

"As one of their own Bishops has declared, Anglicans are more widely seperated in doctrine from one another within their own Church than they are seperated from the Nonconformists who are without. Who ventures to point to the Anglican establishment as exhibiting a visible mark of divine unity? Who declares that she presents to the world the fulfilment of Christ's prayer for unity? Who would direct the inquirer to Canterbury as the city of the living God built upon the hill? It is not in reproach or in wonder that we point out the inevitable contrast between a divine and human institution. It is rather in love and sympathy that we would fain direct, if possible, the eyes of men to the visible work of the living God. The marvelous unity in faith and obedience to a Supreme Teacher, visible in the Church of Rome, can be explained only by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the continual presence of Christ and His Church."

Holy Church by naming her present Sundays Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima, Quadragesima that is in round numbers Easter is within seventy, sixty, fifty, forty days. She turns the thoughts of her children one day each week by special festival to the passion and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind, that by a vivid remembrance of His exceeding love we may be led to sorrow for sin, and to a hearty compliance with the Lenten season of fasting and prayer.

The Osservatore Romano is the official organ of the Holy See in Rome. Its editor is a devoted layman Commendatori G. B. Cassoni, "The Voce della Verita" says the Catholic Times, "is very lively and free from the incubus of a strictly official character, deals deadly blows at the Liberals." The Vera Roma is a free lance in Catholic journalism and has the record in the way of government sequestrations. Il Temps is a new paper and appears on the day after Sundays and feast days so that Catholics have a newsy little paper.

In the diocesan synod of Brooklyn just held, the Bishop declares that for the future all marriages shall take place in the church before midday, and that there shall be a Nuptial Mass. This wise direction at a time when the marriage contract is so shamefully broken by divorce is very expedient. It is a blessing that the liberty we enjoy in the States permits the ordinances of Holy Church to be thoroughly complied with.

Romeward.

Commenting upon certain notices published by Trinity (P. E.) Church, Bridgeport, the New York Observer (Presb) remarks: This exponent of Catholic doctrine, as it is taught in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church, Bridgeport, shows that the Romish doctrine of the Real Presence is one of the tenets proclaimed. That is plain from our first quotation, wherein we read: 'It would seem as if the one service wherein He whom we profess to adore, is indeed really present,' etc. If that is not the Romish heresy of transubstantiation, then we do not know that heresy when we see it. The pace at which this church is going may be gathered from the following notices: 'The sacrament of holy baptism will be administered on Sundays after High Mass is finished; at other times by arrangement with the rector.' 'Confessions are heard in the church on Saturday at the usual hour.' 'Special celebrations for marriages, funerals, months' minds, or other memorials of the dead may be had, freely, by applying to the rector.' We regret deeply that such a state of affairs should exist in the Protestant Episcopal fold, but we have some reason to believe that there is more Romish heresy and practice in that body than some of its warmest adherents would be prepared to believe. And this is the body in which has been discussed the propriety of calling itself the American Church, and from which emenate such urgent invitations to other denominations to unite with it."

"Father" Watson, the Episcopalian clergyman of Kingston, N. Y., whose ritualistic tendencies are now being investigated by a committee appointed by Bishop Potter, of New York, created a great sensation last Sunday at servicess by his ultra-ritualistic remarks. He celebrated "High Mass" as usual with incense, and in his sermon strongly advocated veneration of the Blessed Virgin. It is time, he said, to lay aside some of Protestant prejudices on this subject, and when we pray, to ask Mary to intercede for us with God. In addressing the Blested Virgin "Father" Wattson advocated the use of the expression: "Hail, Mary, Queen of Heaven, blessed art thou among women, O Hail Mary pray for us."

At the meeting of the Sunset Club in Chicago, recently the subject of discussion was "The Church of the Future." C C. Bonney president of the parliament of religions at the World's Fair presided, and speeches were made by a number of Protestant divines, all pointing to the church of the future as a liberal church, bound together by the fundamental truths of religion. Howard L. Smith, a prominent Protestant, surprised his hearers by predicting that the church of the future would be the Catholic Church. He based this not so much on his knowledge of Catholicism. The church of the future would be due to organization. The Catholic Church, he said, would overcome the broken disorganized sects of Protestantism as easily as the regular army would defeat a mob of strikers. Independence of religion was chaos in religion. Let each man be his own pope and you have religious anarchy, which is the same thing as sectarianism. Catholicism and agnosticism would divide the twentieth century between them.

Life is a burden—bear it;
Life is a duty—dare it.
Though it break your heart in twain.
Though the burden crush you down.
Close your lips and hide your pain;
First the cross and then the crown.
—Father Ryan.

Catholics and Catholic Literature.

The Melbourne Advocate of December 15 contains a letter from a Jesuit Father, which deals with the very scanty and grudging support extended by Catholics to Catholic newspapers and writers in general. Father O'Malley heads his letter "A Catholic Sin," and asks;

Why are the Protestant magazines so beautifully illustrated and so cheap? Are we less gifted than the Protestnnts? The exhibits of the Catholic schools at the Cathedral fair show that we have duly received our five talents. Is the Catholic market smaller than the Protestant? Though probably a Protestant does not examine very closely the particular form of Protestantism professed by any author, it is natural to suppose that the Wesleyan would prefer a Wesleyan book, the Presbyterian a Presbyterian one, etc. Consequently these markets should seem small, and the Catholic market larger than all of them put together. Unfortunately it is not so. The Protestant market is a business-like market—a market that buys and pays for what it buys; a market that never fancies it confers a favor when it takes a book or a newspaper or that it never dreams of having its paper stopped for the grievous offense that the account has been rendered. Each publication consequently knows exactly how far it can safely venture, and each new success justifies a further advance.

We regret to have to give it as our opinion that the "Catholic sin" against which Father O'Malley inveighs is as frequently committed in the old countries as in the colonies. Our Catholic people do not seem to realize the importance of rallying round those who are fighting the cause of Catholicity not from a pulpit but in the columns of a weekly newspaper.

It might be added without injustice to the people of the United States that the same state of affairs exist here.

The Drain on the Treasury.

Hon. Chas. S. Hamlin, in February's Donahoe's,

Since the resumption of specie payments in 1879, we have paid out nearly $300,000,000 in gold for the redemption of greenbacks and treasury notes of 1890. This process must be indefinitely continued, and again and again must the national debt be increased without putting an end to the cause of the danger by cancellation of the notes redeemed. It may be claimed that the real cause of our trouble is not in the legal tender notes, but in the fact that the surplus revenues of the government have been so greatly diminished in the last few years. Although said latter cause makes us appreciate more keenly the danger, yet the danger still existed potentially, even when we had an enormous surplus over current expenditures. As well one might say that the trouble from a leak in a reservoir is removed by increasing the flow of water, or that a break in a dam ceases to be a break when the water flowing over has increased in amount.

We have today no law requiring the payment of a dollar in gold into the Treasury; in point of fact, scarcely a dollar is being so paid; as a result we maintain gold payments only by increasing the national debt from the issue of bonds.

How He Tells the Time.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even lookin at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" queried the visitor.

"Oh, when I holler out an ask him what time it is in the mornin, he allus says it's time to get up. An when I ask him what time it is in the evenin he allus says, 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.' Oh, I tell you my father is a great man."—Waterbury.

A Merciful Robber.

The citizen struggled.

"Let me alone, or I will call the police!" he cried.

The highway robber wavered.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"You will really call the police?"

"Most assuredly."

The outlaw turned on his heel and walked away.

"I don't want to be the cause of his getting clubbed," he said.—Detroit Tribune.

His Names.

A pair of twins was born in the Back Bay district. A bright boy set about to try to name them. He said, "Will they be called Peter and Repeater?" But no. His mother would not listen to the name Peter. Then he said, "Let them be called Max and Climax."

"No," she said. "They are both little girls, so we cannot name one of them Max."

Then he said after much thought, "Let them be called Kate and Duplicate." After that his head was bandaged, and he was sent out to play.—Union Signal.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Charitable Stockton Ladies Feed the Unemployed.

INPROVEMENTS AT CARSON

A Liquidation Society has Been Organized at St. Joseph's Church, Alameda.

Stockton.

The Angels' Sodality received Holy Communion in a body the first Sunday of the month, together with a large number of the Rosary Society.

The men employed on the streets of Stockton by the Citizens' Committee were not forgotten by the generous ladies of Branch No. 7, C. L. A. S. On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week that society secured the Agricultural Pavilion, and set tables for over 100 of those poor laborers, besides overseeing the work of preparing the food. It was remarked on the streets the next day by those who saw the large number fed that Branch No. 7 had shown its generosity in a manner and at a time when it was most needed. The members or No. 7 take particular pride in the fact that everything they undertake for charity is always a success.

On Friday evening. the 22d inst., the members of Stockton Council, No. 5, Y. M. I., will give a musical and literary entertainment at Weber hall, on which occasion Rev. W. D. McKinnon, Grand Director Y. M. I., will deliver a very interesting lecture. It is expected that every member of No. 5 will be present, together with his lady or gentleman friend. The different committees have been appointed to make the necessary arrangements, and from what they have already accomplished it is safe to predict a good time. It is the intention of No. 5 to give, from time to time, a musical entertainment or something of a similar nature, as their membership is fast reaching the 200 mark and they want their many friends to see how well they are progressing.

The Father Mathew Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society contemplate giving an invitation party in the near future, but the date has not yet been set. It is safe to say, however, that when they give their party it will be a success in every sense of the word, for that society is fast gaining popularity among the people of Stockton, and their good work is highly appreciated by all.

Last Sundayat the 8:30 o'clock Mass the attendance was unusually large, many being compelled to stand. The singing by the children was grand, as was also the music rendered by the boys' choir. The sermon preached at the 10:30 o'clock Mass was very impressive, and was listened to attentively by all present. The regular choir is under the direction of Karl C. Bureck, organist, and consists of the following: Sopranos — Misses Rose Castle, Belle Quinn and Maggie Flynn; altos—Misses Josie Ryan, Katie Thomas and Belle Laogier; Tenor, Mr. J. L. Phelps; bass, Mr. Charles E. Pinkham,

Santa Clara.

At a recent meeting of the members of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Claire's Church the following officers were elected: President, Miss Katie Doyle; First Vice-President, Miss Agnes Ford; Second Vice-President, Miss Mary Nugent; Secretary, Miss Louise Cereghino; Treasurer. Miss Mamie Munhall; Librarian, Miss Louise Corpstein; Assistant Prefect, Miss Kittie Sheehy: Music Director, Miss Sarah Steward.

One hundred and twenty boys from St. Ignatius College paid a visit to Santa Clara College, Thursday of last week. They were treated very kindly by Father Riordan and the professors. Three games of baseball were played, two in the morning and one in the afternoon. The first nine of the second division, with Paul Gaultes as twiler, easily defeated the second nine of St. Ignatius College. In the afternoon picked teams from both colleges played, and as was to be expected, Santa Clara won again. The game was lost by St. Ignatius on account of their inability to hit Mott, a promising young pitcher from Los Angeles.

Football is rapidly coming to the front at the college. A brilliant player has joined the ranks in the person of J. W. Galvin of Oakland. "Shorty" Emery and Charles Ryan are looked upon as the best tacklers in the college.

Professor James Leonard has returned after a long illness. but is not yet able to take charge of his class.

The House of Philistorians is about to reorganize the athletic association. Through the kindness of the president their new quarters will be fitted out with all the necessary equipments.

Old St. Mary's.

Rev. Father Brady, C. S. P., who recently arrived from New York, is seriously ill at the parochial residence on California street, and the prayers of the congregation were recently asked for his speedy recovery. The complaint with which Father Brady is suffering is organic and is liable to incapacitate him from his duties for some time.

Father Brady is well known throughout the United States, both as a preacher and writer. In conjunction with Father Wyman, he had been conducting a series of missions throughout the State, before it was determined to establish a branch house of the Paulist order in this city.

Many improvements were under way in the old cathedral under Father Brady's direction. He was making arrangements for frescoing and renovating the church; but all that is stopped. A mission was to be given in Bakersfield this week by the Paulists and it had to be postponed. It is likely that another priest will come from New York to assist in the parish work.

Father Brady has been a member of the Paulist order for nearly a quarter of a century, and for a good deal of that time was minister of the establishment in New York. He then became a familiar figure through the press of the metropolis, which supported his fight against issuance of liquor licenses in upper New York, where his parish was located. His hardest fight was against the Tammany ring. But his principal work has been as a missionary in the States.

The annual solemn Requiem High Mass for the repose of the souls of the deceased members of the Young Men's Institute will be celebrated at Old St. Mary's Church on next Friday, Washington's Birthday.

Carson City.

Church affairs in this place are moving along smoothly and pleasantly. The pastor, Father Cline, is a man of prudence and tact, who is esteemed by the members of his own flock, and universally respected by the non-Catholics of the community. He has been lately commissioned by the Governor of Nevada as one of the chaplains of State Institutions. He is also one of the chaplains of the Legislature, to pray for wisdom from on high on the heads of the law-making body—of which many of them stand sadly in need. I have heard it said by impartial observers that the manners of our Nevada law-makers can compare very favorably with those of California.

Our church has received some improvements recently in the shape of general repairs, lighting it with gas and procuring and putting in place of a handsome life size statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This was procured from Paris, and is a beautiful work of art and is much admired. The necessary funds were raised by subscription thr ugh the efforts of Mrs. Eckley and Mrs. Gillooly, to whom much credit is due. The gas chandeliers were donated by members of the congregation, viz: Jacob Klein, president of the Bullion bank; Alexander McGown, district attorney of Ormsby county, and Daniel Clarke, an old pioneer and well-known business man, a most zealous and exemplary Catholic, who is at present sojourning in San Francisco.

CARSONITE.

Red Bluff.

A solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated last week at Red Bluff, on the occasion of the anniversary of the death of Rev. Father McGrath's father. Rev. Father Quinn of Yreka, was deacon, Rev. Father Reynolds of Willows, sub-deacon, and the pastor of Red Bluff celebrant, Rev. Father Gualco of Chico, master of ceremonies. After Communion Rev. Father Gualco preached an instructive sermon upon the duty of children towards their deceased parents, and in glowing terms of praise pointed to St. Augustine's love and veneration for his saintly mother, St. Monica. A large congregation attended the Solemn High Mass.

A neat altar was lately built for the Blessed Virgin on the gospel side of the main altar, and another for St. Joseph is under contemplation. It is hoped that the altar will be completed for the feast of the saint in March.

The sanctuary was also enlarged, the railing being moved a few feet into the auditorium and the main altar extended. These improvements give the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church at Red Bluff a decidedly fine appearance, and were necessary for the solemn services which are being held from time to time.

Marysville.

The congregation of St. Joseph's Church are contemplating the frescoing of the interior of that edifice. A local artist was recently consulted and stated it would cost some $1,500. As the ceiling is in need of repair, and scaffolding will have to be erected, it is likely that the work will be done at once.

Recently W. F. Lewis agreed to paint a picture of the Immaculate Conception in one of the twelve panels into which the church is divided, and he has just completed his work, which is a copy of Murillo's famous masterpiece.

The size of the painting is 7 1-2x15 feet, and it is said to be the best work that Mr. Lewis has ever done. It is painted in a quiet and subdued tone, and the coloring and drawing is remarkable in its purity and strength. The drapery displays the artist's genius. Every line of the splendid figure of the Virgin being infused with tenderness, love, faith and purity.

There are fifteen cherubs in the composition serving to embellish the central figure without detracting from it in the least.

M. Nelson and P. D. Cahill have also done some frescoing in order to show the effect.

If the work is ordered to be done on the eleven other panels the paintings will represent the leading events in the life of Christ from the Annunciation to the Transfiguration. Over the altar will be painted a large head of the Savior crowned with thorns.

Alameda.

At the last Mass on Sunday Rev. Father Sullivan read the financial statement for the past year, in which was included a detailed statement of the late fair, which, taking into consideration all the disadvantages surrounding it, realized a very handsome result. The matter of the building fund of the new church was also dwelt upon, and steps were taken to form a liquidation society.

The membership of the society will be divided into two classes. The first class will contribute 50 cents a month, and the second class 25 cents. A monthly Mass will be celebrated for the members, and also a solemn Requiem Mass every three months for the deceased relatives and friends of the members. Collectors will be at the door of the church next Sunday to receive the first contributions.

St. Dominic's.

On Friday the 22nd inst. a solemn High Mass will be celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Dennis Lyons, one of the original founders of the Monitor of this city. Mr. Lyons died in February. 1880, and every year since his children have had a Mass celebrated for his memory.

A notable wedding will take place in this church on next Wednesday, when Frank L. Sherin, son of Daniel Sherin, will be married to Miss Annie Gallagher, neice of John F. Lyons. Both are well known in San Francisco, and a host of friends will unite in extending to them many good wishes on their new venture in life.

St. Francis.

The following is the annual report of St. Francis Conference of the Society of St Vincent de Paul for the year ending Dec. 31, 1894:

Offerings of members	$58 00
Donations	9 05
Collections in churches	42 70
Poor boxes	51 40
Subscriptions	48 90
Other sources	79 87
Balance on hand last report	44 56
	$334 48
Expended for groceries, rent, fuel, clothing, etc	302 76
Balance on hand January 1, 1895	31 72
Total number of families relieved during the year	153
Total number of persons in families relieved	238
Total number of visits make during the year	220

Los Angeles.

Very Rev. Ferdinand Bergemaier, O. S. F., formerly praecis of the Franciscan order at Indianapolis, Ind., now superior at Santa Barbara, and Very Michael Richardt, O. S. F., provincial of the order from St. Louis, Mo., and Rev. Father Heldman of Chicago, assisted in the Forty Hours Devotion at St. Joseph's German church last week. The first two Fathers preached very eloquent sermons appropriate to the occasion.

St. Paul's.

The Holy Angels Sodality of St. Paul's Church gave a complimentary entertainment to their parents and friends Tuesday evening in St. Paul's Hall, corner Twenty-ninth and Church streets. The hall was crowded and the applause frequent. The sodality is composed of young girls over 12 and under 16 years of age and has a membership of 120 and is under the direction of Rev. William O'Grady. The entertainment was arranged by Miss Alicia Cullen.

Haywards.

Rev. Father O'Neil, Grand Disector of the Young Men's Institute, will visit Haywards Council. No. 115, on on the evening of March 4. The members are preparing a royal reception for him, and a banquet will be one of the features of the evening.

Death of E. J. Sullivan.

A dispatch from Denver announces the death at that place of Eugene J. Sullivan, a native of this city, at the early age of twenty-five years. He was the son of the late John Sullivan, first President of the Hibernia Bank, and of the late Ada Eugenia Sullivan, and a brother of Hon. Frank J. Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan graduated at St. Mary's College a few years ago. Thereafter he went to Stoneyhurst College in England, where he won the Philosopher's prize by his masterly essay on "The Relativity of Knowledge." He then traveled extensively through Europe and finally settled in Paris. About a year and a half ago, he became ill from lung trouble and returned to this city. He was a close student and intended studying law.

The funeral took placee this morning from St. Ignatius Church. R. I. P.

Here and There.

The following changes are announced: Rev. D. Quinn, formerly of the Catholic University, has been appointed as assistant at St. Patrick's Church, San Jose; Rev. F. Alvarcy has been transferred from St. Joseph's San Jose, to Sacred Heart, this city, and Rev. A. Warluzel has been assigned to the Cathedral.

Rev. Wm. Furguson, of Mendocino City, was in the city last week. He preached at St. Paul's Church on Sunday night.

The Young Men's Society of St. Patrick's parish will give an entertainment at Pioneer Hall on Wednesday evening.

A branch of the A. O. H. will be organized in St. Brendan's parish tomorrow afternoon.

Wants the Legacies.

Archbishop Riordan has petitioned the Probate Court to distribute to him the legacies left in trust for various charities by James Carroll, who died on June 16, 1894. The lgacies are: $2,500 each to the St. Francis Technical School, the Magdalen Asylum, the St. Joseph's Home, the Sisters of the Holy Family Day Home, $10,000 to the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum and $5,000 for the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

The estate is but little indebtted, the petition sets forth, and the legacies may be paid now without loss to any person interested. The estate is valued at $147,000.

Knights to Celebrate.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Knights of St. Patrick, held on Thursday evening, the Committee on Entertainment reported all arrangements perfected for the celebration of Washington's birthday. The program includes a lecture on the Gaelic language by Rev. Eugene O'Growney, and Stereopticon views, American and Irish, by Mrs. Steele, which, with the excellent musical talent the committee report having secured. should make an enjoyable evening's entertainment. Tickets are complimentary.

Sacred Heart College.

The class of '95 will give a patriotic entertainment at the College Hall, on Thursday evening next, the 21st inst. It will be under the auspices of the De La Salle Literary Society, and the program gives promise of a very enjoyable evening to all who will attend.

Fish for Lent.

As usual with the approach of the Lenten season, Sbarboro & Co. have put in a splendid stock of all kinds of fiish, pickled, salt and smoked. These goods are of prime quality, and are sold at prices which place them within the reach of all. See advertisement on third page.

FROM AND ABOUT IRELAND.

The Irish Nationalist members of Parliament have re-elected Mr. Justin McCarthy chairman for the session.

Reports from all over Ireland indicate considerable destruction of property during the recent storms, which fortunately however did not cause any loss of life.

John D. Crimmins, of New York. has been appointed treasurer of the Irish National Federation of America to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Eugene Kelly.

Judge Adams was the recipient of white gloves at the last Limerick Quarter Session, there being no criminal business before the Court. There are a few Irish Catholics in the Limerick bailiwick.

The engagement of Miss Peel, eldest daughter of the speaker of the House of Commons, Right Hon. Arthur Peel, to James Rochfort Maguire, Parnelite member from West Clare has been announced.

The offer of the land commission to purchase on behalf of the tenants the estate of Glounalougha and Shanavoher, in the parish of Kingwilliamstown, county Cork, has been accepted by his lordship, Justice Monroe.

Irish exchanges report the following recent deaths: Rev. John Morris, C. C. Ballynote, a native of Coolaney, County Sligo; Rev. P. McDermott, C. C., Buninado, and Brother J. M. Dillon, of the Irish Christian Brothers.

J. F. Hogan, M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, and secretary of the Colonial party in the House of Commons, who has been on tour through the English Colonies, arrived in Victoria, B. C., on Monday. Mr. Hogan is gathering material for a book he intends to publish shortly.

Last week's storm was felt with severity in King's county. Much damage was done to farm buildings and saved crops, while trees and wall were blown down in direction. The Shannon's floods that followed increased the measure of the injury. The roads were rendered almost impassable.

At an inquest held on the body of John Twist, who was hanged in Cork on Saturday for an agrarian murder, the chaplain of the prison stated in evidence that the condemned man had declared that he was the victim of a police outrage. The jury coincided with this view, and the coroner approved the verdict. The case has created a great sensation.

The death is announced of Catherine Henry, at Gortree. at the remarkably old age of 112 years. The deceased was well known in the Waterside district by the name of Katsie Barbour. She lived at Gortree with Mr. Caldwell Hunter for many years, and for a long time she has been in a doting condition. She was predeceased by her husband many years ago, and she leaves a daughter nearly 100 years old.

Mr. William Barrington, a well known and prominent civil engineer, died recently at his residence, The Ferns, Castleconnell. The deceased gentleman was in his 69th year, and was ill for some time. He was a pupil of the celebrated Irish engineer, Sir John McNeill, the pioneer of Irish railways, and was engaged under him on the Great Southern and Western railway and its branches to Killarney, Tralee and Fermoy, and also on the Limerick and Foynes railway.

At Ennis Cathedral a couple of weeks ago, Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond Bishop of Killaloe, raised four young deacons to the priesthood. The following priests assisted in the ceremonies: Very Rev. Dr. Kelly, president diocean college; Rev. P. Burk, vice-president of the college; Rev. P. Barry. Ennis; Rev. M. D. Lenihan and Rev. Charles Stewart. The newly-ordained priests are Rev. Joseph O'Meara, of Toomevard, diocese of Killaloe; Rev. Michael Considine, Kilmihill, diocese of Killaloe; Rev. James Small, diocese of Down and Connor, and Rev. James Walsh of the same diocese.

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Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERMAN Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st.—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR THE
California Catholic

A BULL ON A FLY ROD.

LIVELY EPISODE OF A DAY'S FISHING IN CALIFORNIA.

The Red Shawl of One of the Ladies In the Party Started the Fun, and the Skillful Angler Gave an Exhibition Not Common on a Trouting Trip.

"Traveling overland from Santa Barbara to San Luis Obispo," said a tourist recently returned from southern California, "our journey as far as Los Olivos was by stage. Of the beautiful land and water scenery along the route of our stage ride two features particularly impressed me. One was the backward view from the summit of the coast mountains, with Santa Barbara, 12 miles back, clustered on the left and right of its white Main street, the islands beyond and the blue Pacific.

"The second was the river that we forded shortly before arriving at Los Olivos. It was a type of water course common in California, with a wide, deep bed, perfectly dry, except where a clear little stream rippled its way along a narrow channel through sand and gravel, winding and eddying round bars and bowlders. A man might leap across it in many places, and the water did not come nearly to the wheel hubs as the stage rolled through it.

"At Los Olivos, which we reached at 5 o'clock p. m., one of the dishes served at our excellent supper was trout, caught, as we learned, in the pretty, clear stream we had crossed. That determined us to stay over a day at the station to try the fishing. We got out our tackle and had a day of great sport. To reach the water we had to get down the steep river banks and follow the dry bed through which the little stream seemed to pick its way. The trout we caught were of the black spotted mountain variety, ranging from 6 to 14 inches in length and averaging about three to the pound. Smaller ones we put back in the water.

"But there was an experience more exciting than fishing to come before the day was ended. At noon the ladies of our party came by wagon to join us at luncheon, and they accompanied us in the afternoon's fishing. Toward night, when we had worked well up toward the mountains, some cattle came down to the stream to drink, and without apparent provocation a lively young bull began to paw the ground and bellow unpleasantly and followed these demonstrations up by charging upon our party. Looking up from my fishing at this juncture, I saw that it was the red plaid shawl of one of the ladies that had excited the animal's hostility. Calling to her to throw down the shawl and for them all to run, I threw stones at the bull to divert his attention, while the other gentlemen of the party helped them up the steep bank, where the bull could not follow. The bull stopped at the shawl, tossed it about in an ugly manner, and then, turning his attention to me, gave me a sharp run across the sands to the bank. I got there all right, carrying my rod, with the line and leader flying behind, but just as I struck the top of the bank I felt a sudden jerk of the rod's tip, and turning saw that one of my fly hooks had caught the bull in the nostril.

"It was one of the queerest catches I imagine that ever a fisherman made, and I literally played that bull with a fly rod for a quarter of an hour. I owed him no good will, and besides I wanted to save my tackle. The nostril of a bull, as you probably know, is exquisitely sensitive to pain, and with my strong, flexible split bamboo rod, duplicating reel and stout gut leader at the end of a hundred feet of braided silk I managed to hold the big creature under control. He couldn't seem to make out what had got him by the nose, but he knew that it hurt him worse whenever he tried to break away, and to increase the mystery there was all the time dangling and switching before his eyes a big, bright red bass fly that I had left on my leader as an experiment in trout fishing. He would strike at it with his horns, and his rage at finding he couldn't hit it, and that it came back at him every time, was comical to witness—from a place of safety, of course.

"From time to time the bull would charge upon the shawl and toss that about, and then I had to work the reel and tip for all they were worth to save all my tackle from going by the board. At last, in one of these furious charges, as he lifted the shawl on his horns I felt something give away, and at the same moment the shawl went up into the air. The hook had torn loose from his nostril, and two of the hooks on the leader were fast in the shawl. I dropped the rod and pulled line and shawl in, hand over hand, like a Cape Cod fisherman hauling pollock. The bull didn't tumble to the situation until I had got the shawl nearly to the bank, and then he came for it, but it was too late. I whipped the shawl up to where we were standing just as his head butted the perpendicular bank with a thud that brought down a shower of earth.

"The shawl carried a good deal of sand and had some holes in it, but there was no disposition to complain on the part of its owner. We thought we had enough fishing for one day, and leaving our enemy down in the river bed pawing sand and bellowing his anger we took our wagon thankfully for the hotel."—New York Sun.

The Crimson Cliffs.

One of the most conspicuous landmarks, or, rather, snowmarks, in the whole of the arctic regions is the red snowbanks discovered near Cape York, Greenland, by Captain John Ross in the year 1818. For miles and miles the hills are covered with snow that is as red as though it had been saturated with blood. Lieutenant Greely, who visited that region while on his famous arctic expedition, microscopically examined these blood stained cliffs and reports the color due to a minute organism which he calls Protococcus nivalis.—St. Louis Republic.

DIDN'T HAVE ANY USUAL BRAND.

How a Country Cousin Made Miserable a Newly Made Man About Town.

When an adaptive young man from the far corner of some New England or western state lives for a time in New York and absorbs enough of its atmosphere to gain the prestige of a regular boulevardier, it's pretty hard now and again to have old times thrust upon him in the person of a primitive cousin or brother-in-law, whom he is bound in conscience to entertain. A case of this kind occurred recently, in which the artless relative saw nothing but a screamingly funny lapse of memory, while the man about town found a mortification therein which was pretty hard to live through.

A complete deliverance of the bumpkin into the hands of the outfitter made him presentable, and then there was the little bachelor dinner at a Fifth avenue hotel given by the swell to all the smart men, who wanted "to meet your cousin, don't you know."

All went merry until the wine list came forth. To be sure, the bumpkin talked too loud and refused to understand any monitory wink, but then he said nothing too badly out of place.

"What wine will you have?" said the cousin, addressing him.

"Haw! Haw! I don't know, Cousin Dick, anything about the wine. You'll have to settle that yourself."

"Shall we begin on a bottle of Sauterne?"

"Lordy, how can I tell! Anything you like!" shouted the red cheeked, bullet headed youth, who couldn't make head or tail of the winks and looks of deadly warning emanating from the swell s eye.

People at adjoining tables pricked up their ears in amused curiosity, while the guests at the table looked a trifle disconcerted at the bumpkin's noise.

"What," said the swell, firmly planting his index finger on the word "Medoc" and glaring at the youth mesmerically, so that he might understand and repeat it, "do you generally take?"

"Usually!" shouted the youth. "Haw, haw, haw! Isn't that great? Usually nothing! Of course! Never see wine. How could I? You know that, Cousin Dick, as well as I do. You never saw wine at home, and now New York makes you forget all about it. Usually! Haw, haw!" and the terrible youth stretched out at full length and roared satisfactorily for about five minutes, while a sense of frozenness stole over his cousin, and the swells looked on in amused pity.

That frozen cousin is dead henceforth to family ties in so far as dining social recruits is concerned, at least.—New York Herald.

THE FIRST HANSOM CAB.

Its First Customers Were Brokers, Who Caused It to Become Popular.

The first hansom cab in America had an interesting history. A reminiscent, voluble, red faced cabby told it late the other night up by the Thirty-third street stand. It was brought over in 1870 or 1871 by John Patent of the Pacific hotel, in Greenwich street, just above Cortlandt, and it cost £70. Its driver was old John Carter of Liverpool, since deceased, who came to New York in 1861. The original cab that John Carter drove was a handsome one, made very much like those now in use, but it had a claret body and red running gear. An interesting feature of it was that it was bolstered with a pair of patent axles, which were so complicated that Carter was the only man who could grease them.

For some reason the cab was not put into running immediately after it was imported, but was laid up in the stable for 1½ years. Then John Carter ran it from the Pacific hotel, but there was not business enough there, and he went down to the corner of Broad street and Exchange place, where trade flourished, and he used to get fares from the big brokers. Morosini was said to have been a good customer of his, and Jay Gould, if reports are accurate, rode in it once or twice. It was a familiar feature about the Stock Exchange for four years, and then it broke down, ending the career of the first hansom cab in America.—New York World.

He Knew the Ropes.

Of one subject even Mr. Freeman would have been forced to admit that Mr. Froude, the historian of the reformation, was a master. Froude was a born sailor and could manage a yacht or yawl in the ugliest sea as if he had been bred to the business. So he was quick to detect any slip that his friends, who were less expert, might make.

The workmanship of "Crookit Meg," he was pleased to say, was as good as could be, with one exception. "If you mean to take us to sea in this questionable little vessel, you must have your sea dialect looked over. The main sheet is a rope, not a sail. The jib is 'loosed' when you get under way and is the first sail taken in when you are coming to your moorings."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Gustatory.

"I can't say," remarked the sword swallower as he dispatched a Damascus blade, "that I especially like the taste of foreign foods."

"Their dishes," rejoined the glass eater, who was partaking of a Venetian soup tureen, "are, as a rule, far from pleasing."

The human salamander tossed off three fingers of imported red fire, with a gasoline chaser, but said nothing.—Detroit Tribune.

The great Christian feasts of Christmas, Easter, Ascension and Whitsuntide are said to have been ordered to be observed by the whole church all over the world as early as the close of the first century.

Some of the little bronze images of Chinese deities are supposed to have an antiquity of 2,000 years before Christ.

Winnipiseogee is the "beautiful lake of the highland."

A BROKEN SONG.

"Where am I from?" From the green hills of Erin.
"Have I no song now?" My songs are all sung.
"What o' my love, then?" Alone, I am farin.
Old grows my heart, an my voice yet is young.
"If she was tall?" Like a king's own daughter.
"If she was fair?" Like a mornin o' May.
When she'd come laughin, 'twas the runnin wather:
When she'd come blushin, 'twas the break o' day.
"Where did she dwell?" Where onest I had my dwellin.
"Who loved her best?" Th' are no one now will know.
"Where is she gone?" Och, why would I be tellin?
Where she is gone, there I can never go.
—Moira O'Neill in Spectator.

GRIPMAN M'CHUNK.

Through the rough woof and warp that made up the character of Gripman Andrew McChunk there ran a silver thread of sentiment. To those who simply saw the uncouth exterior of the man, as day after day he stood upon the front platform of the car over whose performances he presided, playing rudely on the alarm gong, swearing at the truckmen who would block his triumphal passage this would have seemed almost impossible. But the thread was there nevertheless and showed itself on every afternoon when he was off duty, and with two youngsters, the property of his landlady, Mrs. Halligan, hanging to each hand, he left the small flat on the fifth floor of 5054 Ninth avenue and betook himself to Riverside park.

Gripman McChunk loved nature, not as she reveals herself in the hothouse atmosphere of the so called gardens that line the Harlem, but as she discloses herself on the Riverside. He loved the broad, silent stream, the high, wooded palisades, the green grass at his feet, the green leaves above his head, in which the birds chirped and fluttered to and fro on the balmy summer days. Many a pleasant afternoon as he strolled along the narrow gravel pathways he would close his eyes to shut out the sight of the endless line of equipages rolling by, and trusting to the guidance of the children at his side would listen to the twitter of the sparrows and robins and to the swishing of the breeze among the carefully pruned branches and imagine himself back up country. Now, had he not had some little sentiment he would have spent those same afternoons sitting in his shirt sleeves by the open window of Mrs. Halligan's stuffy flat smoking his pipe and gazing stolidly down on the elevated trains as they rattled along below.

To the man who delights in wandering among green trees and over green grass, where he can see overhead a few thousand acres of blue sky dotted with white clouds, unsoiled by black smoke and unbroken by the rough outlines of factory chimneys, the time always comes when in imagination a purely ethereal some one gazes with him on those same beauties. Perhaps it takes form of a creature clad in light, airy drapery, with long, golden hair, deep blue eyes and seraphic smile. Andrew McChunk, when he first began to stroll on the Riverside, went alone, with the exception of the two Halligan children. Then, as the days flew by, the purely ethereal creation walked with him, and those were the times when he used to close his eyes and squeeze little Miss Halligan's hands quite tenderly. Later the ideal form took upon itself a change; the golden hair assumed a dull red hue; the eyes once blue became snappy black; the form shortened a little and spread out in proportion; the airy draperies were changed into solid red calico. In fact, the ideal some one that once walked by the side of Andrew McChunk became the exact counterpart of the buxom young woman who dispensed lemonade and knotty apples from a small stand at the southeast corner of Trinity churchyard.

Who was this creature? Andrew McChunk did not know her name. He always thought of her as "her" and "she." Her customers knew her as plain Annie.

McChunk had presided over a cable car for a whole year before he first came beneath her softening influence. For that year he had been the most daring gripman on the whole line. His conscience never smote him in the least when he flew by forlorn females as on rainy days they stood on the corners frantically waving their umbrellas. No look of compassion ever passed across his stolid face when he left behind him a truckman helplessly dancing about broken wheels and axles.

Then the change came—slowly, surely. One day as his car was spinning by Trinity churchyard his eye fell upon the form of her. She had taken the place of the old woman who for years had kept the stand there and was sitting beneath the shade of a green umbrella. With one eye she kept watch upon her glass covered case, in which glistened the surfaces of numberless blocks of chocolate of various sizes; with the other upon her customers, to whom she was dispensing 1 and 2 cent glasses of lemonade. She was a short woman, not over 35 perhaps and had wavy red hair, a complexion not unlike that of the apples in the basket before her and a broad countenance beaming with good nature.

The very next day on his down trip Andy McChunk looked her way again, and the next day, and the next day, until at length he acquired the habit of straining his eyes to see her from several blocks up the street. But she never noticed him until one day when passing he petulently jumped on the gong pin. Then she looked up, and their eyes met. She smiled, and he smiled, and the car banged into a truck. A moment later as he spun by Andy McChunk smiled his unconcern at a profane and injured driver. It was for the first time in his career on the road.

After that as he clattered along toward the churchyard he used to pound the alarm. Then she would look up and smile, and his joy was complete. And thus his love grew up on him. Then came the time when he used to squeeze little Miss Halligan's hand as he walked along the Riverside, with his eyes closed, on his half days off, trying to imagine her at his side. He no longer bumped trucks off the track without warning, but considerately gave the alarm, like a rattlesnake before coiling to strike. Unless he was behind time he never ran by corners, but always graciously stopped at the sign of the waving umbrella. And so from the most reckless gripman on the line Andy McChunk became the most considerate, the most polite.

Then came his great disappointment. One Sunday afternoon in the early fall when he was off work he fixed himself up in his best, and for the first time on a day off started out without the little Halligans. But he did not go for a stroll in the park. He journeyed down town instead, intent on enduring no further suspense, but to know both her name and address and to talk to her. He had purchased a chrysanthemum to give her as a token of his regard. He left the train at Rector street all joy and expectancy and rushed through the arcade. He reached Broadway and looked up the pavement. Then his heart sank, for she was not there. The stand, too, was gone. She did not do business on Sunday.

So the relentless cable rolled on and carried him by her day by day. Sometimes it stopped, but it always left Gripman McChunk at Union square or at some other spot on the line in which he had no interest. How he used to long that some day it would break down when his car was in front of the churchyard! Then he would be able to talk to her, to find out her name, and perhaps that would be the beginning of an acquaintance to end—in moments of reverie like these a pleasant smile adorned the face of Andrew McChunk, a smile that not all his growth of stubbly red beard could conceal. He would strain his eyes as if to see her from the post-office. "Plinkety, plung, plung," would go the gong. She would look up and smile, and he would smile. Then the relentless cable would carry him on, a dark look would come into his face, and he would dance viciously on the alarm, and perhaps if an opportunity offered would vent his anger on the unfortunate wagon that might happen to intercept his passage.

At last the meeting and the separation. It was a disagreeable, rainy day in early November when his car rattled along lower Broadway. He made out the great green umbrella from Cedar street and saw the lower part of the imitation seal plush cloak beneath it. Then a mail wagon intercepted his view for a moment.

"Plunkety, plung, plung," went the gong. His eyes were riveted upon the stand. She was not there. His astonishment knew no bounds, for never before had she been absent from her post so early in the day. "Plunkety, plung, geplung, geplung, b-r-rung-b-r-rung," went the gong. Perhaps she was behind the stand.

Gripman McChunk's bones were chilled to the marrow. Up from under the very platform upon which he was standing came a scream. He jumped on the gong, and it sounded one single triumphant clang. Round whirled the grip wheel, round whirled the brake wheel, and the car came to a standstill.

They picked her off the fender and carried her away in an ambulance. So Gripman Andrew McChunk's heart was broken.

A big policeman stood beside him on the platform on the trip up town. The gong sounded seldom on that mournful journey. When it did ring, it had lost all former life, and the notes came forth in a mournful toll as they gave expression to the player's feeling.

Next day the police justice decided that the whole affair was an accident and discharged Andrew McChunk with a warning. The company discharged him, too, but without a warning. He got a job as a street cleaner, and one bleak day in the following February, as he was shoveling the snow out of the gutters on Columbus avenue, he chanced to look up, and his eyes fell upon a blue and gold sign over a small but neat looking store. Upon it read, "Miss Wilkins, Delicatessen." He looked through the window and saw her standing there behind the counter. Their eyes met, but she gave him no smile of recognition.

As he bent down over his shovel he muttered, "If I'd 'a' kep' my eyes down th' track, I wouldn't be here, and she wouldn't 'a' got damages an be there, but then I'd 'a' never know'd what et was ter have thet queer wishin ter see her from three blocks up th' street."

He leaned on his shovel and gazed blankly into the brown snow.—New York Sun.

A Story of Harry Furniss.

Here is a funny story, though he did not tell it to me himself, that went the round of the New York clubs when Furniss visited the States. Be it known that American journalists and American flaneurs affect to read Punch as a production absolutely devoid of humor, and inasmuch as it is a paper written "by gentlemen for gentlemen" it probably fails to secure general appreciation in journalistic America, though in certain circles it is as popular in the great republic as it is here. Two men were quarreling in a club smoking room.

"I tell you I saw a man sitting here an hour ago laughing over a copy of London Punch."

"Impossible!" replied his companion. "I don't believe there is a man in America who could laugh over London Punch."

The discussion waxed furious, and at last bets were made on the subject. Suddenly a thought struck the second man.

"What was the fellow like you saw reading Punch?"

"A little, sandy bearded man, with a rather bald head and a big mustache."

"Ah," replied his interlocutor, "now I see! Why, that was Harry Furniss himself."—Strand Magazine.

STORIES OF PAPER.

HOW WATER MARKS WERE MADE AND WHY THEY CAME INTO USE.

Clever Use Made of Them by Ireland In His Shakespearean Forgeries—Elaborate Designs Impressed by the "Dandy" Roller—The Bogus Virgin Mary Letter.

Stories and incidents innumerable are wound up in the art of paper making, and its mechanical processes have afforded to the ingenious story teller many a chance for a thrilling tale.

This is especially true of the system of placing water marks, so called, in various brands or makes of paper.

Perhaps the most interesting true story which has to do with this branch of the industry is that of the famous "Ireland's Confessions."

Ireland had fabricated some Shakespeare manuscripts, which for a long time were accepted as actual. They made such an impression indeed that a number of men, famous at that time for their erudition and for their literary standing, voluntarily prepared a testimonial attesting absolute belief in the authenticity of the manuscripts. To this document these men affixed their signatures and sent the paper broadcast.

The whole of the original edition of the fakes was disposed of in a few hours, and so great was the eagerness for the edition that single copies were disposed of in auction rooms at enormous prices.

Some time after that Ireland himself threw these gentlemen into much sorrow by explaining just how he had had fun with them.

Ireland's story was that the sheet of paper which he used was the outside of several others on which some accounts had been kept during the reign of Charles I. At that time Ireland was wholly unacquainted with the subject of water marks.

"I carefully selected," says he, "two half sheets not having any mark whatever, on which I penned my first effusion." A few pages further on he wrote: "Being thus urged forward to the production of more manuscripts, it became necessary that I should possess a sufficient quantity of old paper to enable me to proceed, in consequence of which I applied to a bookseller, who, for the sum of 5 shillings, suffered me to take from all the folio and quarto volumes in his shop the fly leaves which they contained.

"By this means I was amply stored with that commodity, nor did I fear any mention of the circumstances by the bookseller. As I was fully aware, from the variety of water marks which are in existence at the present day, that they must have constantly been altered since the period of Elizabeth, and being for some time wholly unacquainted with the water marks of that age, I very carefully produced my first specimens of the writing on such sheets of old paper as had no mark whatever.

"Having heard it frequently stated that the appearance of such marks on the papers would have greatly tended to establish their validity, I listened to every remark that was made on the subject, and I at length gleaned the intelligence that a jug was the prevalent water mark of the reign of Elizabeth, in consequence of which I inspected all the sheets of old paper then in my possession, and having selected such as had the jug on them I produced the succeeding manuscripts upon these, being careful, however, to mingle with them a certain number of blank leaves that the production on a sudden of so many water marks might not excite suspicion in the breasts of those persons who were most conversant with the manuscripts."

It is the greatest mystery to most people how water marks are made. And yet the matter is the simplest thing in the world. In the manufacture of paper the pulp, before it has begun to be dried and after it has been spread on the moving platform, passes under a roller called the "dandy." On this "dandy" is affixed the device which works the water mark.

It is of bent wire, and as the roller presses the paper it presses into it the mark.

In the same manner most elaborate designs and even pictures and intricate representations of whole battle scenes have been done from an engraved plate similar to an electrotype, used in the same manner on the "dandy" roller.

Of course check paper and bank paper is the most important variety distinguished by water marks. In a pair of £5 note molds prepared by the old process there are 8 curved borders, 16 figures, 168 large waves and 240 letters, which had all to be separatedly secured by the finest wire to the curved surface.

There were 1,056 wires and 67,584 twists and the same repetition where the stout wires were introduced to support the under surface.

In ancient times the water marks were used for the same purposes as the old inn signs. The old inns had dolls and beehives, horses and various other forms as signs. For the same reason the paper makers had some distinguishing mark which made their product distinct from that of other makers.

A very famous mark of the sixteenth century was the handmark—a hand topped with a star. The jug or pot mark gave the name to the "pot" paper, while the foolscap mark used on paper of a certain size gave that size its name, which it retains to this day.

The post paper was so called because it bore a mark of a shield with a post horn on it.—London Letters.

A Delicate Distinction.

"Did you say you wanted Shakespeare's works?" asked the book store clerk.

"No," replied the haughty girl; "I want his plays."—Washington Star.

Whenever you see ingratitude you may as infallibly conclude that there is a growing stock of ill nature in the breast as you may know that man to have the plague upon whom you see the tokens.

BOOK BINDING.

Its Beginning and the Transition From Ancient to Modern Methods.

It was only when writing was made upon separate pieces or sheets of a pliable and perishable material that binding proper was invented to hold the pieces, or sheets, together and give strength to them and protection and beauty.

But here, again, we must distinguish. The pliable written sheet may be either rolled or folded, each giving rise to a form of binding peculiar to itself. The rolled sheet is bound by fastening each sheet to the other sideways and rolling the whole from end to end, the last sheet serving as a cover to all the rest. This form of binding is no doubt the more ancient of the two, and it was for a long time in general use. It was used, for example, by the Egyptians—it was probably invented by them—and it was used by the Greeks and by the Romans, and great libraries of rolls existed for some time after the Christian era, and many industries were engaged in contributing to the perfection of the binding. It has, however, been superseded for many centuries by the folded form of literature, the invention of which is attributed to Eumenes, king of Pergamus (from whom, too, comes our parchment, or skin, prepared for writing on), in the third century before Christ. But if the form has disappeared the terminology of the roll has survived, and the word "volume," originally a thing that is rolled or wound up—i. e., a roll—is now applied indiscriminately to its substitute, the book of folded sheets.

The folded sheet, or section, as it is called, is bound by simply sewing or otherwise fastening the parts of the sheet to one another at the back crease or fold, and a number of sections are bound by fastening each of them to some common support at the back, so that when all are sewed or otherwise fastened they may yet be free to open and to shut at pleasure at the front or "fore edge."

The invention of the folded sheet thus gave rise to the invention of modern binding, which, in its essence, is the union at the back of the folded sheets, which together constitute the folded book, or, as I may say, despite the latent contradiction, the folded volume.—Fortnightly Review.

STORED AN EMPTY BARREL.

Nine Months In a Storage Warehouse and Three Cartages Paid on It.

"I got my furniture out of storage the other day," said a New Yorker, "and my wife and I thought we would unpack the china and bric-a-brac ourselves, instead of paying 50 cents an hour to the storage men to do it. The stuff was packed in five barrels, one of which, we noticed, was lighter than the rest.

"When we began to unpack that one, we concluded that it must contain our most fragile articles of vertu, for we first came across a layer of excelsior and soft paper a foot in thickness. Below this was another layer, equally thick, and when we had half unpacked the barrel and found nothing but excelsior and soft paper we knew not what to think.

"We were still more flabbergasted on finding no china on removing the packing. We of course concluded that our things had been stolen and reproached ourselves for our false economy in doing the unpacking ourselves, for it is a rule of the storage concern we patronized not to pay for any articles broken or missing unless its men do the unpacking.

"As we missed nothing when the other barrels had been unpacked, my wife cudgeled her brain to explain the mystery. She finally remembered that when we gave up housekeeping, 1½ years ago, there was a lot of excelsior left over when the china had been packed. In a fit of economy she poked it all in a superfluous barrel, which was duly headed up and carted to the hotel where we spent the winter. It was stored in the garret without being unpacked, and in the spring was sent to the storage warehouse.

"We accordingly have paid not only for the storage for nine months of an empty barrel, but for its cartage on three different occasions—from the house to the hotel, from the hotel to the storage warehouse and from the warehouse to where we now live!"—New York Sun.

Edison's Bet.

There is probably no other country where so much and so curious betting takes place as in the United States. Especially is this the case at election time. Wizard Edison, it is said, made his first unusual experiment in electricity as the result of a bet. He was a telegraph operator, and the lunches of the boys were carried in tin cans, into which roaches made their way, causing much kicking at mealtime. Various methods were tried to get rid of them, and finally Edison made a bet that he would suppress them. The next day the dinner cans were piled in a heap, and the wizard placed around them a circle of narrow tin foil ribbon about an inch wide, and about a quarter of an inch away another similar circle, and then he connected both with the current. The consequence was that every roach in trying to get to the cans placed himself with his hind legs on one pole (or piece of foil) and his fore legs on the other, thus completing the circuit, and rolling over dead. The bet was won, and the dead piled up like an Irish fence.

A Clock In a Wine Bottle.

There is now being exhibited in the window of the shop of Mr. Kaps, the watchmaker, a clock the works of which are in the inside of an ordinary clear glass wine bottle, the dial plate being set obliquely on the top of the bottle. How the works were introduced into the bottle is the mystery at first glance, but even when it is ascertained that no single piece is wider than the neck of the bottle the wonder then occurs to the mind as to how the pieces of such delicate machinery were therein put together.—Demerara Argosy.

AT PARTING.

Forgive me, dearest, if I look
Too long upon you as a book
That I would learn, and so
Must strain my eyes in reading, but
To feel the jealous lids will shut
Before the end I know.

Forgive me, dearest, if I touch
These braided tresses overmuch.
This little curl I press
With thought of days when, far apart,
No tender wile of lover's art
Can make the distance less.

Forgive me, dearest, if too near
I bend, your slightest word to hear.
I listen now, you see,
For words that you may try to speak
Some tender moment when too weak
Your voice for reaching me.

—Bertha G. Davis in Kate Field's Washington.

MANUFACTURING BRAINS.

Imbecile Children and How They Are Improved Mentally.

The education of the imbecile is one requiring an infinite number of repetitions of a message, which at the outset must be unusually sharp and clear and unconfusing. If it is the sight and hearing which are to be improved, the pupil is placed in a dark room, and into its darkness a single ray of bright light is admitted. And when this startling and antithetical phenomenon has caught and riveted the child's attention, by repetition, a slide is passed through the beam of light, with sharply defined forms painted or engraved upon it—simple forms, too, such as the square or triangle or star. Then the names of these figures are clearly and distinctly and repeatedly pronounced, the name sounded each time the object is exhibited.

This is an example of the necessities of an extreme case—a very apathetic and unobservant child. Usually it will be sufficient to exhibit objects by lifting them from the table and simultaneously telling their names. This must be done over and over again until the nerve fibers and brain cells are stimulated into readier action and developed into fuller and more perfect performances of normal functions.

The imbecile child's brain is improved in the same way as the biceps muscles are more and more enlarged. This is done by the repeated use of small dumbbells at first and then by the gradual substitution of heavier and heavier weights.

The tenure of human life is so short that all that can be done for such extreme types is to enthrone the disenthroned moral sense. It would require an eternity to tone up the five physical senses. Nervous idiots are much more promising pupils and show remarkable mental improvement in a short time. But the physical senses are always improved with the improvement of the moral sense. A child who has been taught how not to be an animal indoors will have more appreciation of color, and a child who has learned not to cry and scream on the slightest pretext will have a far better regulated sense of touch, smell and hearing.—New York Advertiser.

Penalties For Careless Coachmen.

When an omnibus or a cab driver runs over a foot passenger in London streets, the possible loss of a license exercises a wholesome restraint. The private coachman and the driver of the tradesman's cart have far less compunction in teaching an old gentleman to get out of their way by running him down. At the worst, they are fined. Not infrequently their fines are paid by a sympathizing employer. But no one pays a poor cabman's fines, and the loss of a license in addition means the loss of his means of a livelihood.

In Paris, we believe, the driver of a fiacre is generally allowed by the law to run over one bourgeois in the course of a year. In London magistrates are less lenient. Moreover, the law makes an unfair and arbitrary distinction between the cabman's case and that of the unlicensed driver. The former is liable to be removed from the box for good and all. The driver of the cart may continue to urge on his wild career, though he destroys several citizens in the course of the year.—London Spectator.

Detected.

The Marquis of Waterford once showed remarkable detective skill. A robber, who had broken into the marquis's house at Curraghmore, Ireland, was pursued by him and followed to a public house four miles off.

There the robber had seated himself among a number of men, who were drinking and smoking, and not one of them would betray him. The marquis, however, was master of the situation.

He insisted upon feeling all their hearts, and as he was their landlord and the great man of the county not one dared to refuse. The man whose heart was still beating quickly was the robber, who had just ceased running.—Youth's Companion.

Elks Broken to Harness.

There is a novelty at the stock yards that is attracting the attention of every one. It is a team of elks, standing nearly 16 hands high, broken to harness and as gentle and obedient as horses. They have been brought in from Montana and are awaiting a purchaser in one of the big pens in the yards. The elks have been domesticated, and their owner, G. S. Slayton, has driven them about his ranch for several years.—Chicago Tribune.

Ace Sad Case.

Ethel—Don't you think that pair of vases lovely, George?

George (with visions of last night's poker game)—Curse the things! I don't want to hear anything about them.

Ethel has not spoken to George since.—Buffalo Express.

The old sheepskin cloak mentioned by Paul probably cost him about $1, as that was the common price at that time.

Helena, Mon., was named for a female relative of a miner named John Sommerville.

Wash potatoes with a cloth. It is a saver of time and of the hands.

DON'T GORGE YOURSELF.

Some Sound Advice on the Subject of Foods and Feeding.

The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding. They think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse. I am the director of an insurance company and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life. If, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious and the other be competent and frugal, frugal even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as 20 per cent at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity, but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best work. Never eat until you are satiated, never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity. Eat slowly, take small mouthfuls, masticate, or chew, your food well, touch your food with your fingers as little as possible, do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most, have all animal food well cooked and do not forget fruit as food.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the orange, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the queen's table, but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were cut up with the frill of paper round the end of the joint to hold by, forks being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign. We have fruit galore and have clean forks, instead of dirty fingers, to raise our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.—Sir B. W. Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

DEER HORNS AS MEDICINE.

This Queer Remedy Is In Use In the Flowery Kingdom.

Deer horns are used by the Chinese for medical purposes, and consequently the value to a Chinaman of a pair of horns depends upon the quantity of the medicinal property contained in them. This property, which may almost be called the "virtue," is said to be greater in the young horns, and to get rarer as the horns grow older. The deer from which the horns are obtained are a true species of deer, the females having no horns, and this, as Darwin has pointed out in "The Descent of Man," is the case with all kinds of deer proper, the reindeer only excepted. In substance the horns are not horny like the horns of a cow or an antelope, but are, when young, composed of a very delicate venous substance, covered with a velvety coating, and when old are osseous rather than callus.

For some months after they begin growing they are very tender, and the deer, not liking to touch them against branches of trees or bushes, a thing they are almost sure to do in the forest, will remain in the open, deserting cover, and so many times exposing themselves to greater dangers than the ones they flee from. After a time, as the horns grow older, the velvet covering begins to peel off, and while doing so causes an irritating, itching feeling, that makes the deer rub them against twigs, mossy bark or any other yielding substance not hard enough to hurt. This rubbing assists the velvet to peel off, and the horns then enter the second or intermediate stage. They are no longer tender, nor are they so hard as they eventually become, but are still going through a process of development.

Eventually their growth is perfected, they stand for a time, are shed, to be replaced by new ones, and become the property of the first forester or hunter who has the good fortune to find them. These shed horns, together with any horns taken from deer when they were approaching the time of shedding, have reached the third or final stage and are the least valuable.—Chinese Imperial Customs.

Special Pins For Insect Collectors.

"Much care," said a taxidermist, "has to be taken in selecting the long, fine pins used in fastening the specimens in insect collections. For cheap collections of butterflies and bugs we use the ordinary brass pins mostly, but every one of these must be carefully examined before impaling the insect to see that it is well tinned, for were the tin coating imperfect or the slightest flaw evident it would be in nine cases out of ten liable to oxidize in the body of the insect, and thus destroy it. We also use black varnished pins, but they are almost as bad, for the glazed coating soon cracks, leaving the metal exposed, and consequently it is not very long before oxidization sets. Even the more expensive kind, the nickel plated pins, are not much better. The latest things we have now are solid silver pins and bronze pins, and there is being used as an experiment a nickel and aluminium alloy, which possesses decided advantages over all the others kinds used."—New York Sun.

Where Cupid Blundered.

It is whispered that a thoroughly Parisian divorce, which has been for some time in question, is imminent. The parties are the granddaughter of a great poet, deceased, and a literary man, son of a famous author. The young wife, it is stated, has returned with her baby to her mother. A curious thing is that, incompatibility of temper being the sole cause of the rupture, it is not yet known whether a divorce can be obtained.—Paris Herald.

TOO MUCH.

She had read in books of scientific lore
Of the proper thing for babies, one or more.
With a thirst for information she had studied
incubation, and she read works on lactation by the score.

She declared that paregoric was a sin,
And the cradle was no place to put babes in,
And she wrote for publication on pronounced
regurgitation, and she plead renunciation of the pin.

She had studied infants' cries and what they meant
And could locate pain whene'er the air was rent.
She was up on imbibition and all manner of nutrition, and she was in deglutition confident.

But when her baby came she lost her head,
And every night was heard her trembling tread,
And she got so agitated o'er each symptom indicated that her husband, man ill fated, turned and fled!

—Tom Masson in New York Sun.

MY LORD ELEPHANT.

When I was stationed up in the hill country, some 20 years ago, I used to be passionately fond of hunting. I had not been out from England long, and the novelty of following big game had not yet lost its charms. My duties did not occupy a great deal of my time, and I could often be absent a week or ten days without serious inconvenience to any one. With a couple of natives and my old "Henry," I would set forth on Mowcha, my elephant. Mowcha was an exceptionally fine specimen of his race, endowed with all its virtues and but few of its faults. He was strong, patient, sagacious and devoted to his master. He had never been used as a working elephant, but only for the purpose of the chase. You should have seen his unwieldy bulk making its way noiselessly through the thick jungle grass, his great feet lifted and put down with the utmost caution, his flexible trunk darting in all directions to scent the game, and his small eyes gleaming with excitement. He seemed to know instinctively the moment to fire, and then he would not move a muscle. You know it requires no small amount of nerve to stand perfectly still with a Bengal devil in a striped skin charging at one, and too often it happens that your well directed shot is spoiled by your elephant's speedy retreat.

The natives deemed Mowcha superhuman, on account of his intelligence and strength, and his mahout always called him my lord the elephant and treated him with the greatest respect. You know the Hindoo belief—that the souls of one's ancestors have to reside for a period after death in the bodies of animals till they have atoned for their shortcomings on earth, and, lest they might unwittingly treat some of their grandfathers or great-grandfathers with disrespect, which would be a criminal violation of their religion, it is their custom to give to each of the inmates of the jungle a particular title as, for instance, his highness the tiger, our king the lion, etc. So Mowcha was more often addressed as my lord the elephant than by his real name.

He was a great pet in the regiment, and for the children at the station there was no better sport than to climb into the howdah, shrieking with laughter, and have a ride on Mowcha. He seemed to enjoy it as much as they did and carried his precious burden with the greatest dignity. He was really handsome, as elephants go, and looked his best when adorned with his scarlet trappings and harness and bearing the howdah filled with merry children, and it was a pretty sight to see them afterward bestowing upon him his reward in the shape of pineapples, bananas and mangoes, all of which he loved to stow away in his capacious stomach.

I tell you all these details that you may understand my grief when he suddenly disappeared one night in early spring. My lord the elephant had been restless for several days, his mahout informed me afterward, and that evening he had managed to break his chain and had vanished in the darkness. Whether he had been spirited away by a clever thief, or had decided that he had worked for man long enough and would now return to his native woods and the society of his kind, we never knew, of course, but we missed him more than one would think, and for some time the cry among the children was, "If Mowcha were only here!"

I tried a number of other elephants for my hunting, but could not fill his place, and as my duties increased about that time my gun rarely left its case, and my cartridge belt hung unused on the wall.

About three or four years later I was invited to spend the Christmas holidays with an English friend who was giving a house party at his place farther up in the hills. I easily obtained leave and started with but one servant, Ramon. He had formerly been Mowcha's mahout, but after that brute's uncanny disappearance he had attached himself to me and proved to be a very handy fellow. We were mounted on hardy little ponies, and the first day made about 50 miles, spending the night at the hut of one of the forest rangers who are stationed by the government as a guard along the edges of large and important forests.

The next day we plunged into the forest itself. Toward midday we were startled by hearing a fearful, thunderous roaring, as of some monster in its death agony. At that distance I did not recognize it as the voice of any wild animal I was acquainted with and turned to Ramon for an explanation. His dark skin was bleached to ashen gray.

"It's a herd of elephants," he exclaimed, "and they are sounding their battlecry! If they come this way, it means certain death. We cannot escape them."

It certainly seemed as though they were headed in our direction, for the noise grew louder, and we could feel the ground trembling beneath us at the trampling of many feet.

"Follow me, sahib!" cried Ramon as he threw himself from his horse and hastened to one of the larger trees, which he began to ascend with the utmost rapidity. I did the same, my progress being hindered, however, by my heavy riding boots. We had no time to secure our ponies, and the frightened animals, as soon as they were released, sprang nimbly through the thickets and disappeared, and with them, of course, vanished our only means of escape from the forest, even though the elephants should pass us by unharmed.

We reached our position of safety none too soon. I could see the heavy forest branches shaking violently, and soon a huge gray mass broke through, shambling along at a remarkable rate of speed, not 20 yards from us and screaming with vicious rage.

"It's a rogue elephant, sahib," said Ramon. "They are chasing him from the herd."

Such indeed seemed to be the case, for 100 yards behind him came another enormous figure, which was headed straight for our place of refuge. As by lightning flash I saw the horrible death that menaced us. I already felt myself falling to the ground, in a second more to be trampled to death under those immense feet. But at that instant I heard Ramon call out boldly, "Let-rah gaj" (lie down). The great beast paused. "Let-rah, let-rah," again he cried, and to my astonishment the creature obediently went down upon its knees.

Ramon quickly descended, calling me to follow. Where a black leads, a white man does not lag behind, and down I went. I did not understand how the magical transformation had been effected, but as I turned and caught sight of the animal I comprehended it all. Around the great foreleg was a chain, the end of which still trailed on the ground. The quick eye of the native had seen it. He knew that the animal must have been in captivity at some time and called out the word of command, hoping that it would be obeyed. He was not disappointed, for, although the small eyes still gleamed with an ugly red light and the trunk waved mutinously in the air, the great creature had not forgotten his former training. We approached him cautiously at first, but presently Ramon rushed fearlessly up to the brute and petted him effusively, calling him by every name of endearment. "Ah, 'tis thou, my lord the elephant! 'Tis thou, leader of the herd, wiser than the wise men of the temple, beautiful as a lotus bud, strong as the winds of heaven! O great Lord Mowcha! Thy slave salutes thee!"

Truly enough it was our old Mowcha, who, in spite of lapse of time and change of place, had not forgotten his old masters and the familiar word of command.

All this had happened within a few moments. The grat herd was still crashing through the forest all around us, trumpeting with rage and shaking the ground in their fury. Should one of them chance to come near enough to see us our lives would not be worth a farthing. Mowcha seemed to understand the situation perfectly, for, his anger all gone, he seized Ramon gently with his strong trunk and set him upon his neck, where the mahout usually rides. He grasped me with the same ease and placed me beside him. Then he rose and started off at a good pace in the direction opposite to that taken by the rest of his fellows, and soon their screams and thunderings had died away.

We wondered where my lord the elephant intended to convey us, whether to his native jungles or to the post again. Ramon tried to guide him, but found it impossible without the help of the usual ankus, or goad, so we confined our efforts to keeping our balance and staying on his back, a somewhat difficult task without the aid of harness or howdah.

Briefly told, his strong, steady pace never failed for over ten hours, until we entered the post again. Our approach had been descried from afar, and every living soul had turned out to view the spectacle. When it was perceived that it was Mowcha, dear old Mowcha, who was bringing us back in safety, a hearty cheer broke from all throats, a cheer for my lord the elephant. The children clapped their hands and shrieked with joy, and even the soldiers shared the general enthusiasm.

We gave my lord the elephant a feast such as never elephant had had before, but he did not seem to enjoy the dainties spread before him so much as the moment when the howdah was placed on his back, and he was led forth, surrounded by the children, whom he once more bore solemnly around the post.

For two days he remained with us and was the object of attention and love. Then he became restless, and we fancied he again longed for his forest home. So the cruel chain was stricken off his huge foot, and my lord the elephant, with roses and branches wreathed around his great neck and hanging from his stubby tusks, was led forth and given his liberty.—Our Animal Friends.

Rolling Steel Tubes.

President Morton of the celebrated Stevens institute speaks of the Mannersmann process of rolling steel tubes as one of the most striking discoveries of mechanics of late years. In this process a hot billet is passed in between two conical rolls, set with their axes at a small angle to each other. It comes out the other end a steel tube, with uniform walls, and no mandril or anything else is needed to make the central opening. In other words, it seems as if a hole were taken to serve as a mandril and the steel were rolled on it into pipe. Tubes are made in this way from the size of a knitting needle up to the diameter of 10 inches. The theory of the method is that if a uniform bar of steel be stretched lengthwise it will gradually thin down by the yielding surface layers until it breaks, but if, however, the bar be much harder on its surface than on its interior the inside parts will give way first, developing a cavity along the axis of the bar. It may be assumed that the first effect of the rolls on the hot billet is to harden its surface, and then the elongating strain causes a parting of the interior portions and the formation of a tube.

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MYSTERIOUS EYES.

Colonel Jagson gave his friends and cronies a terrible shock last week. The colonel had celebrated the dying of the old year in true Jagsonian style and started for home when the infant 1895 was only three hours old, carrying a load that was heavy even for so expert a vehicle as the Jagson anatomy. Then the surprise came. When the old boy appeared later in the day and took his usual seat alongside the old guard, a tumbler of "straight" was at once brought. All the others raised their glasses, murmured "Happy New Year!" sinking the last syllable into the glasses as they quaffed the rare old brew, and then looked at Jagson. There sat the veteran, but his hand had not touched the glass. Silently he reached forth, and taking a tumbler full of water he slowly drank. Consternation but feebly expresses the feelings of the old guard. Jagson drinking water, and that, too, on New Year's day! What had happened?

Eager inquiries brought no satisfaction to anxious friends.

"No; I've not sworn off," said Jagson.

"Never going to drink any more?" asked the old guard in chorus.

"I may," replied the hero of many a tussle with old red eye.

"Sick?" again came from the chorus.

"No," came from between the colonel's tightly compressed lips, and with a curt "Good day!" he strode majestically from the cafe.

This action brought dismay. The old guard's ranks were already depleted. Only four now rendezvoused daily, and Jagson's defection meant more to the survivors than can well be understood by outsiders.

Nevertheless, despite all the efforts of entreaty and solicitous inquiry, the colonel remained a total abstainer. He came daily to join his comrades, to gossip and swap stories, but never once did he betray, by word or sign, the reason that led him to abjure the wine when it was red or the bowl when it was flowing.

Thus affairs ran on. The Old Guard was troubled, and Colonel Jagson looked worried and acted like a man overburdened with serious thought and a deep financial disorder. The fear that Colonel Jagson was caught in the financial stringency induced General Soake to take his wife into his confidence. With that tact and intuition that are woman's chief charm she went at once to call on Mrs. Jagson, and with the usual result—she got the root of the trouble in short order. Mrs. Jagson was positively radiant. The colonel was always sober, the household allowance had been increased, the table bore more delicacies of the season, her wardrobe and bonnets were new, and Mrs. Jagson began to think that the declining years of her married state would be happier than the earlier period.

"And how did it all come about?" quoth Mrs. Soake. Now, Mrs. Jagson knew that Mrs. Soake had suffered from the same rivalry that she herself had endured, and that soft pity to which femininity is so prone swept over her, and she gave the cause of the reformation away to her friend.

"You know, my dear Mrs. Soake," began Mrs. Jagson, "the colonel came home just before daylight on New Year's morning and was not quite himself. The conviviality had proved too much for his equilibrium, but after much fumbling he got the door opened and came up stairs as softly as circumstances would permit. Contrary to my usual custom, I had put the light in his room entirely out. He seemed unable to find a match and evidently tried to go to bed in the dark. Faint rumblings and mutterings caught my attention, then a wild roar. I rushed in to find him on the floor grasping at the carpet. When the gas was lighted, he became quiet, went to bed, and I left him in the dark again.

"A second time he called and asked me to sit with him in the light. I did so until he fell asleep. The next morning he felt that some explanation was due, I suppose, and told me that bright spots like twinkling eyes had peered at him from the floor about the bed, and when he tried to grab one nothing was there. You may be assured Colonel Jagson was badly frightened at the effects of his overindulgence, and from that day to this he has not tasted liquor of any kind."

"But the explanation, my dear Mrs. Jagson!" cried the excited Mrs. Soake.

"Well, you must keep it secret. If the truth be found out, the colonel might go back to drinking again. It was this way: You see, I'd been having the colonel's room cleaned and fancied, only fancied, you know, that the bed might have some of those little pests lurking in the crevices, so I told the girl to use a phosphorus powder, and she carelessly let some sift onto the carpet. Of course, in the dark it shone bright, and that is all there is to the 'eyes' that haunted the colonel."

"Just phosphorus bedbug powder!" exclaimed the wife of the old guardsman, who had not stopped sipping the cheering bowl in more than 40 years. "Just think of it! Broken from a habit of so long a time by 25 cents' worth of bedbug poison! I shall go and get some immediately."

Thus bubbling with eagerness the little woman rushed into the chill atmosphere of the outer world and into the arms of her dearest friend, Mrs. Major Everfull. So the secret was told to one more and was received again with rapture.

Things began to look sad for the old guard. With these determined women on the trail, and one man already in captive chains, red eye bourbon and applejack were doomed. The next day, when the group of old timers were gathered for the morning nips, General Soake said to the waiter:

"Guess I'll have some apollinaris. Don't feel very well today."

Jagson's ginger ale habit was a shock, Soake falling a victim to the mineral habit was a calamity, but when Major Everfull calmly, but with a quiver in his voice, said, "Vichy, please," the bottom dropped out of everything.

Everfull sighed and put his hand wearily to his eyes, as though to blot out some horrible sight. Jagson leaned forward and gazed at the major, and General Soake seemed fascinated by the trivial action of his friend. One moment was given to thought, and then Jagson blurted out:

"Do your eyes trouble you?"

Thus encouraged the general looked from the major to the colonel, then from the colonel to the major, and in a hoarse whisper breathed:

"Seen anything queer?"

The major and colonel stiffened and seemed like wooden men. Their astonishment was so great they just had strength to gasp:

"What did you see?"

"Spots, by George, sir, shining spots, like devil's eyes last night in my bedroom."

"So did I," quoth the major in alarm.

"I saw them days ago," chimed in Jagson. "That's why I stopped drinking."

"Gentlemen," interjected the fourth member of the Old Guard, Mr. Deeptank by name—"gentlemen, my wife yesterday received calls from Mrs. Major Everfull and Mrs. General Soake, and later in the day Mrs. Colonel Jagson came."

"Nothing remarkable in that," said Soake.

"Old friends, ain't they?" quoth Jagson.

"What's that got to do with devil's eyes?" put in Everfull.

"No offense, gentlemen, no offense at all, I assure you, but I think I see the solution of this mystery. I am willing to sacrifice myself on the altar of loyalty to you, and tonight I will go home sober—hem—but will pretend I'm a little bit hit in the weather eye—er—will stumble up the stairs, just acting, you know, gentlemen, but on my honor I'll be clear in the top story. A sacrifice to do it, gentlemen, but the circumstances require forgetfulness of self."

With wonder the party broke up to meet next morning. What has Deeptank discovered that will lift this awful pall? was the thought of the three afflicted men as they wearily toddled home. Could the world ever come right again?

Meanwhile the shades of night had fallen, the hours crept on apace, but Mr. Deeptank thought not of home. He had a mission to perform, and, though sitting up until 2 a. m. was nothing to him, sitting up without grog was decidedly unpleasant. Nevertheless he fought the battle and won the fight. Faithfully he refrained from nightcaps, and when the hour of 3 arrived he heaved a mighty sigh, buttoned his coat and made a line for home. When within sight of his domicile, he put on as natural a jag gait as one would wish to see. He knew Mrs. Deeptank had often told him she could see him staggering along, as she put it, and now she should have a chance to see him stagger.

"Too bad to deceive the wife of one's bosom," muttered the victim of loyalty. "Too bad, but it's a good cause," and then he began to ascend the steps with an imitation of profound alcoholism as realistic in its effect as any genuine Deeptank jag ever was. The keynote was finally found, and Deeptank began to have histrionic aspirations. There was no one as yet to appreciate his abilities as an actor, but within himself he felt that elation which great actors say is the highest reward of the art.

Deeptank was the last to arrive the next day at the meeting place. He took his whisky plain, as usual, but about his eyes was an unusual twinkle, and in his hand he carried a small round wooden box.

"Gentlemen," he began in his suave, apologetic voice, "I have made a discovery. A deep conspiracy has been laid by our wives—pardon me, gentlemen, but hear me—a deep conspiracy, I say, has been hatched to break down the customs of our friendship, to destroy our pleasure in life. As you know, I had a theory yesterday. That theory today is a fact. Last night I saw those shiny spots like devil's eyes, but I was perfectly sure of my senses—pardon me again, gentlemen—and called upon my better half for an explanation. She could see nothing, of course, but after my sufferings, gentlemen, I was not to be put off that way, and as a result I hold in my hand the solution of the mystery. My wife confessed to the whole plot when she discovered I was not—er—under the influence. The spots were made by sprinkling phosphorescent powder on the floor. The powder is not made to rival the Keeley cure, but for the destruction of the bedbug. Here is the box, bearing its own inscription."

Silently the box was passed to General Soake. He adjusted his glasses, read the label, and in tones loud and clear yelled, "Waiter, my usual decoction!"

By the time the drink was brought Colonel Jagson had perused the colored inscription, sniffed at the contents of the box and accepted the explanation, and he demanded of the waiter why his usual drink was not there.

Then Major Everfull tumbled into line. The toast was drunk in silence, but the eyes of three of the party were turned with thankfulness to the hero who had made life again worth living.

That night Mrs. Jagson realized that the surest way to have a secret kept is not to tell it to one's dearest friend, but the Old Guard is happy and never speaks of phosphorus.—New York Sun.

Bound to Have It.

Mrs. Gotthere—My dear, pardon my frankness, but really I fear your daughter can never be a social success.

Mrs. Owtsyde—Why?

Mrs. G.—Well, she has no—no aplomb at all.

Mrs. O.—Is that all? She shall have one. Me and John will spare no expense with Mollie. She shall have the best article of ap—whatever it is—that can be had.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

FAILURE.

To one who learns there comes no greater strength
Than that which comes through failure. This I know—
That while success forever proves our loss,
Failure has pointed with unerring hand
To some still grander failure. Thus my soul
Has had no chance to fold its weary wings
And rest in apathetic victory

And still the purpose of an earnest mind
Does reach fruition every day and hour.
Rather, it makes fruition as it goes.
It fails, but counts its failures as success,
And in a world on fire, on fire itself,
Still feels the breathing of a deep content.
—Helen Wilmans.

A CASUIST.

The circumstances that led to Ernest Marsden's withdrawal from London have never been properly explained. His disappearance excited some comment, for, although Marsden was by profession a subordinate, it had been his humor to occupy positions of direction in his spare time as relaxation from his more serious toil. He was a well known political organizer and speaker as well as an occasional contributor upon economic questions to the monthly reviews. By day he was employed at an office in Cornhill. It was there that I made his acquaintance. Our duties brought us a good deal together, and a considerable intimacy sprang up between us. Marsden's relations were all dead, and he was once good enough to say that I was the only friend he possessed in the whole world.

Things were in this condition when I called one night at my employer's private house on a business matter that had been overlooked. I was shown into the drawing room. From an adjoining apartment I could hear at intervals the voices of two men in violent altercation. After a time Mr. Henderson appeared in the drawing room and asked me to accompany him into the other room. Ernest Marsden, the only occupant, received me with a grateful smile.

"I have asked you to take part in this conversation," said my employer, "because I believe you to be a friend of Mr. Marsden's and likely to advise him helpfully at a very critical moment in his career. You were away this afternoon from the office and are therefore ignorant of what has occurred. I have been robbed, and your friend is the only possible culprit. At half past 12 today an amount of £60 was paid to me personally in gold and notes. Before going out I locked it up in the safe in my private room, a safe to which you and Mr. Marsden have the only other keys. Mr. Marsden, whom I left at work in my room, went out about ten minutes later. I am assured by the clerks in the outer office that no one else entered the room during my absence. I returned in half an hour. The safe was locked, but when I opened it I found that the gold (£40) had disappeared. I have told Mr. Marsden that if he will make a clean breast of everything and restore the money he may retire from my employment quietly and without scandal."

This statement upset me a good deal. I hoped, of course, that my friend could clear himself of the accusation. My own position in the matter was none too pleasant. Although I had had leave of absence for the day, I had been obliged to come back for my purse, which, by a strange oversight, I had left in the pocket of my office jacket. Unfortunately I had returned to the office about 12:30 o'clock. Finding the door of Mr. Henderson's sanctum unlocked—the door, I mean, opening directly into the passage—I had slipped in and out without apparently those in the outer office having noticed my return. Marsden, however, had met me upon the stairs. To make things more ugly, I had that very day come into the possession of a sum of money under circumstances that could not have been made public. To my great relief, Marsden made no reference to our meeting, although aware, no doubt, of the effect it would have in diverting suspicion from himself.

The scene that followed was a very painful one. Marsden insisted upon his innocence, and bitter speeches passed on both sides. I fancied at one time during a lull in the storm that I caught the sound of some one weeping in the next room. The conference broke up, having come to no conclusion. Mr. Henderson, whom contradiction always lashed into a fury, followed Marsden into the hall, threatening him with exposure and imprisonment. Suddenly the drawing room door burst open, and a tall, proud looking girl swept into the hall. I will not attempt to repeat verbatim what she said. Some of it has escaped me, and the rest, without her dark eyes and impassioned bearing, seems ordinary enough. Marsden had proposed to her a year previously and had been refused. His constancy in the face of every discouragement had touched her deeply, and lately she had come to realize that her feelings toward him were completely changed. Under ordinary circumstances she would have waited for him to address her again. Of his continual devotion he had given her many eloquent, if silent, demonstrations, and now that his fortunes were at their lowest she asked as a favor to be allowed to stand by his side and to fight his battles against all the world. At the end of this speech, which was delivered with an inconceivable elevation of manner, the girl would have flung herself upon her lover's breast, but he repulsed her with a strange gesture. "Don't touch me, Lucy!" he cried passionately. "I stole it."

Two hours later I went round to Marsden's lodgings, for, in spite of his confession, I felt sure that my friend was not guilty of this base thing. I found him busily engaged putting his belongings together.

"I am glad you have come," he said after an embarrassing silence. "Other people may think what they like, but I could not bear that you should consider me a thief."

"But the confession?" I stammered.

"Sit down," Marsden replied, "and I will explain everything."

His explanation was briefly this: Twelve months before he had made Miss Henderson an offer of marriage under the impression that the girl was madly devoted to him. Whether he loved her he was not at that time sure. Within a week of his rejection—he had been refused—he knew for certain that he did not. After that he had met Lucy Henderson frequently and had found the mixture of friendliness and pity with which she treated him exactly to his fancy. He knew that the girl thought she had darkened his existence forever, and he had encouraged her in this notion. He felt that he was acting the part of a glorified Major Dobbin and playing it uncommonly well. On one occasion he had sung "The Devout Lover" in her presence with so much feeling as to have affected even himself. That he was doing a great evil by this posing he had never reflected. He had not even dreamed that Miss Henderson's feelings toward him were undergoing any change. When she had proclaimed her love for him that night, he had been for a second dizzy at the chasm that had opened before him. "And now you know," he concluded, "why I confessed to the robbery."

"But what the devil has all this to do with it?" I replied angrily.

"What would you have done in my place?"

"I—I"—progress was by no means rapid—"I suppose you couldn't have told her straight out that you no longer love her?"

"Insult her at the moment she was standing up for me so magnificently!"

"Well, then, have married her."

"Quite out of the question. Impossible!"

"As it is," he said, "the connection has been severed, and her maidenly pride has not been wounded. As for me, I can go to another town and start afresh. Henderson has accepted the £40 I have sent him, and you, he and his daughter are all who will know anything of this affair."

I took up my hat to leave.

"You won't let this interfere with our friendship," said Marsden, holding out his hand.

"Ernest Marsden," I replied, "you are either the greatest saint in creation or the meanest hound. I will write to you when I ascertain which."

Since then Marsden has written to me once or twice, but I have never replied to him. I cannot make up my mind about his behavior. That he was wrong to have followed Miss Henderson when he knew that he did not love her is beyond question. This being so, it is clear to me sometimes that he ought to have married her, and his subsequent conduct appears mean beyond credence. To escape an unpleasant duty he dishonored his own name. At other times it is equally obvious to me that he ought not to have married her—a return of her affection was not to be expected—and he chose a quixotically heroic method of sparing her self pride. As I have said, I am as far from a decision as ever, and all this while Marsden, my old chum, is suffering acutely from my neglect.

There is one question that demands an answer. How was it that, in spite of his confession, I at no time believed in my friend's guilt?

I had stolen the money myself.—London Sketch.

Code of Elephantine Manners.

The following incident may prove instructive to some of your numerous readers, illustrating the power of memory in the matter of instruction in the code of elephantine manners. While visiting the zoo some time ago I took my children to see the elephant and to give them a ride. After the ride I wanted to give the elephant a bun, and to make him say "Please" said "Salaam kuro"—i. e., make a salaam. The animal looked at me hard for some time, with the bun in my hand. At last memory came to his help, and up went his trunk, and he made a most correct "salaam." The keeper seemed very much surprised and asked me what it meant. I told him it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk up to his forehead if any one was going to feed him, and that frequently elephants will ask in this polite manner for something when they see any one pass by who is likely to feed them. The keeper assured me he had never seen the elephant do this before, and if I remember rightly he had been in charge of the animal since it arrived from India, and that it was one of those which took part in the grand procession to Agra when his royal highness the Prince of Wales visited India, and where I doubtless saw it. For 17 years this animal had never heard these words.—London Times.

Curiosities of Courage.

There are curious subdivisions both of moral and physical courage. Marshal Saxe, the victor of Phillipsburg and Fontenoy, had an absurd fear of assassination, and in his fortified palace of Chambord kept two constables for the purpose of scrutinizing every unknown visitor. The Duke of Alva got nervous at the mere sight of a dog, and during his residence at Ghent ordered his patrols to shoot every unmuzzled specimen of the obnoxious quadruped. There are men whose actions defy the wrath of public opinion, but who turn pale with thought of seeing their names in the local newspapers, and others who advance fearlessly to the brink of a precipice, but shudder at the sight of a spider.—Lippincott's.

Failed to Live Up to It.

One of the managers of a home for destitute colored children tells a funny story about the institution. She went out there to see how things were getting along and found a youngster as black as the inside of a coal mine tied to a bedpost, with his hands behind him.

"What is that boy tied up there for?" she demanded of the attendant.

"For lying, ma'am. He is the worselst, lyingest nigger I ever seen."

"What's his name?"

"George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply.—Chicago Record.

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